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SPRING, 1915.



The Liberty of the Press.

FOR our present purposes, such brief consideration as we propose to devote to the discussion of the above topic may conveniently be placed under two heads, of which a Press Censorship is one, and the general liberty of the Press is another.

Under a free Constitution, such as the Triple Monarchy is supposed to enjoy, it is obvious that the existence of a Press Censorship cannot be excused or defended, save on the ground of urgent public necessity. Our own view is, that it is hardly to be tolerated even on that; for, regard the matter how we may or will, such a device is an unmistakable invasion of the rights of the community, and, belonging more properly to martial than to civil law, should not be resorted to unless the former has temporarily taken the place of the latter, which, so far as these Kingdoms are concerned, is not at present the case.

Ever since its establishment at the beginning of this most unfortunate and deplorable war, the Press Censorship has been the butt of the sneers and the

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sarcasms of the public, and, regarding its conduct even in the most favourable light, no one can honestly say that these strictures have not been in great part, if not entirely, deserved. For our own parts, the conduct of that institution seems to us to have been as uniformly inept, inconsistent, and foolish as was that of a corresponding institution, by reason of whose fatuities and aberrations of judgment, the world of Arts and Letters was mightily exercised, before this war appeared on the carpet. We allude to the Censorship of Plays. Under a non-free Constitution such as that of Russia, or under a semi-military rule such as that which is established in Germany, repressive devices of the kind which we are here considering not only seem proper enough, but, backed by long experience, are carried out with as much of address and as little of friction as can reasonably be expected of them, under the peculiar circumstances in which such institutions obtain. But under a free Constitution, easiness in respect of the operation of the instruments and the devices of tyranny is never forthcoming, and need not be expected. The genius of freedom is adverse to such conditions as resort to the weapons and engines of unlimited authority invariably produce in a free country. In fine, a Press, as a Stage, Censorship are in these countries, an anachronism. They are inconsistent with the genius of the Constitution under which we live ; and the "atmosphere" essential to their acceptance and smooth-working being presently awanting has, in order to ensure comparative easiness, necessarily to be created or resurrected, which, it is scarcely ne-

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cessary to say, is a matter of time. The officials appointed to discharge this particular office of censoring the messages of the Press may indeed be, as their critics have unkindly suggested, blockheads. Indeed, judging by the well-known capacity of rising to the surface of that numerous order of men, the balance of probability would appear to be on that side. But, whether blockheads or sages, the intellectual status of the Censor has really little, if anything, to do with the case. It is the device, or institution, itself which is at fault; for as we may not expect grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles, so also it is unreasonable to expect smooth working of a Press Censorship under any free Constitution.

We have said above, that the establishment of a Press Censorship cannot, under a free Constitution, be justified, save on the ground of urgent public necessity. We understand that it is on this ground that the Westminster Parliament has erected the existing machinery; but we beg leave to remark that, for our own parts, we can neither see, nor recognise, the necessity which they plead. The War-correspondent is now non-existent; and if it was not the indiscretions and the babblings committed by those irresponsible, but doubtless well meaning, knights of the pen that generated the excuse for the "necessity" of which we make mention, to what other source, pray, must we turn in order to find justification for the existence of the Censor? For our own parts, our sympathies are inclined to be with those who lament the passing of the War-correspondent. We much preferred his picturesque, if somewhat hyperbolic, haverings to the

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stertorous romance daily provided by the official *Communiqué*.

Our second head relates to a more serious matter—the suppression of certain Irish journals by the English Government. We understand that it was to please Mr. John Redmond and his friends that this act of arbitrary rule was suffered to be consummated. But whatever was the immediate cause thereof, no true lover of liberty can do more than unfeignedly to regret, and uncompromisingly to condemn, it. The necessity, or the excuse, for this high-handed action is stated to have been provided by the possession, on the part of the authorities, of information to the effect that these journals were being subsidised by Germany. The real reason, however, of their arbitrary suppression would appear to be that the propaganda in which they were engaged (and had long been employed) was obnoxious to Mr. Redmond, and inimical to the interests of his bond-servants, the English Liberals. At all events, it is obvious that in a free country, whose Constitution (such as it is) has been publicly neither abrogated nor suspended, it is an abuse of power to suppress a journal without showing cause why that usurpation should carry. This observation would be true of England itself, but it becomes ten times more forcible and binding on conduct in the case of Ireland and Scotland. Obviously, if certain currents of political thought, together with the organs they support in the Press, do not choose to accept prevailing political conceits, they have, in a free country, a perfect right to reject them; and no pretended right derived from an alleged “national” necessity

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of supporting an authority which is obnoxious to those currents, should be allowed to be exercised. The principles on which the national propaganda in Scotland and Ireland rest are as old as the hills—a great deal older, at all events, than are the corresponding tenets in England—and this circumstance, if not the fact of their harmlessness (for of this are they constituted, if the official estimate is to be accepted) should have preserved them from the insults and the outrages to which the Government now in power has subjected them. So far, Scotland has escaped from any of these arbitrary and meddlesome proceedings; but, with so great a muster of madmen on every side, no one can say, in times like these, what folly will happen next. Already has a Glasgow journal, entitled the *Evening News*, been clamouring for the suppression of certain national periodicals; but hitherto not even a “Liberal” Government has condescended to pay the slightest attention to the excited bleatings of that unhappy sheet. We hasten to commend that wise abstention. Nothing is to be gained, and much might conceivably be lost, by any attempt, in the present so critical posture of affairs, to play the “Predominant Partner” over Scotland.



The Future of War.



ANY a squeamish landsman who has just experienced all the physical horrors of a rough passage registers a mental vow never again to set foot on board ship. Good resolutions, however, are apt to crumble when the circumstances that gave rise to them are no longer pressing, or present to the mind. A catalogue of the world's best resolutions would constitute indeed a sorry tale of pious intentions, hastily embraced, but alas, never fulfilled. The future will always have much to live down, in the shape of the past. The violent fits of virtue with which, from time to time, civilisation is assailed and shaken leave it weak and breathless, if not contrite, for a space ; but the chastening effect of these occasional visitations soon wears off ; and the Old Adam becomes again as adamant, as regards the pursuit and gratification of his primitive passions and instincts, as ever he was.

At the present moment, part of Europe is suffering from one of its periodical attacks of pious contrition. We may be likened to children who, in the absence of their governors, have unwisely played with matches, and now stand aghast and conscience-stricken at the resulting conflagration. Practically the whole of militant Europe has been set by the ears. The toll

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of, and for, the dead that have died in "the cause" represents an always increasing quantity. The fighters fight, and drench the earth with their gore. The lust of slaying is on them, and they are, in a measure, blind. For these, the immediate issue is not the solution of problems surrounding the incidence of this particular war, or the revolving of speculations touching the necessity and justice of warfare in general, but how best, and how speediest, they may destroy, or incapacitate, the forces opposed to them. That is their business; that of the stay-at-homes is differently constituted.

Generally speaking, the captain of a forlorn hope occupies a more enviable position than those do whose fate it is to be left behind, to watch and wait for that event on which, it may be, their lives depend. The "trying" part of modern warfare does not so much consist in rushing headlong to the attack as in sustaining the enemy's fire whilst one is crouching in a trench in a state of suspended animation. In the case of the man who leads the forlorn hope, as in that of the soldier who is rushing to the attack, the blood is up. They have little thought, or concern, save for the immediate business in hand. They do not suffer from "cold feet" in the head, if I may be pardoned the bull. Mere whistling never yet kept up any man's courage; but physical action of any kind, though it cannot be regarded as an absolute specific, yet is undoubtedly highly useful as a means to ward off undue depression of spirits.

So, in some respects, the lot of the stay-at-homes is rather less supportable than that of those who have

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actually gone to the war. I speak not here of the bodily risks to which some of these are exposed, by reason of the machinations of the enemy's marine and air-craft, though these, no doubt, have, on occasions, proved themselves to be more real and lively than was consistent either with personal safety or mental comfort. But what I wish to point out is, that it is on the people left behind, whether voluntarily, or by reason of circumstances over which they have no control, that no small part of the mental burden of this war has fallen. These—at all events the thinking portion of them—are left to ruminate on all sorts of questions and problems with which the actual fighters do not pretend to be concerned, or have not leisure in which to canvass them. The necessity of the war is a question which may not mightily disturb the majority, nor, in all probability, is that of its secret springs one which much engages their attention. For the present, at all events, the stay-at-homes accept the facts as they have been officially placed before them, whilst the impenetrable mysteries engendered by modern diplomacy are sufficiently a matter of common belief to discourage all, save those who flatter themselves that their powers of vision are abnormally developed, from trying to probe into the complex antecedents of the existing conflagration.

Left thus by their fellows to ruminate in sadness and in silence, as it were, on the evils of the times, it is not to be wondered at if the stay-at-homes have everywhere fallen victims to that kind of pensive anxiety, and to those melancholy self-questionings and searchings of heart, which are the usual accompani-

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ments of forced inaction under highly distressing circumstances. Apparently, the human mind is so curiously constituted that it requires a war of the disastrous magnitude of the one through which we are now passing in order to convince the multitude of the reality of that grim fact. But now that red war has unmistakably emerged from the province of sixpenny romance and leisurely arm-chair speculation, the stay-at-homes are at long last awakening to the cruelty and the horror, if not to the injustice, of it. "Why should wars be?" they cry in their vain distress. "What is the use of it all?" say those who spoke well of the Stranger as long as he was at a distance, but are scandalised and horrified at his presumptuous knocking at the gate. "War should be stopped," exclaim others. "They are a disgrace to civilisation," is the verdict of yet another convert to peace. "Where is our boasted Christianity, if wars are suffered to endure?"—such is the querulous query which dwindling profits and shrinking dividends have conspired to place in the mouths of many a recent apostate from the faith and worship of mammon.

Indeed, if the circumstances in which we are presently placed were not so exceptionally melancholy, the temptation to smile at the spectacle of Europe's indulging in one of her periodical outbursts of virtue would be as lively as ever. The ways of the converted, or the temporarily healed, in a moral way, are apt to provide sport for the humour of the cynics. The woman with a "past," which she is hysterically anxious to "live down," has come to be so inseparably connected with the modern stage that we have been

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in a measure spoiled, as it were, for the genuine displays of contrition *in excelsis*. But humour, however caustic and penetrating it may be, which knows no reason, and recognises no limit, is apt to disgust and offend, when it is exercised at the expense of merit in distress, or invades a province which, by universal consent, should be preserved from its shafts. No doubt, on the principle that the herd who cries "Wolf!" more often than there is just occasion for his clamour, is very apt to end by having his warnings totally disregarded, there is something to be said in behalf of those who affirm that Europe's latest appeals to the conscience of humanity are safely to be discounted by reason of their fruitless frequency in the days that have gone. But we should not forget that, though, in the case of the herd and his sheep, the reiver, whose advent had been so often and so needlessly advertised, was long in coming, yet that he at last effected a destructive descent on the fold. Contrition and good resolutions have, surely, their "sticking point," as well as courage. The time-honoured maxim *semper aliquid haeret* would appear to have its appropriate counterpart in the moral province, wherein struggling merit occasionally triumphs over the forces opposed to it by dint of mere repetition of those pious exercises through whose channel it hopes, and proposes, to effect its redemption.

I hold, therefore, that this is not a time to scoff at those elaborate searchings of heart through which a great part of Europe is presently passing. Because such things have been, and have passed away along with the conditions that gave rise to them

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without leaving behind them any permanent good effects, is no just reason, I apprehend, for discouraging and ridiculing the present good disposition of the working conscience of Christendom. Doubtless, the hatefulness of war, and the manifold economic disabilities which it brings in its train, are no new themes. They have been expounded, and expatiated on, time out of mind—*usque ad nauseam*, if the slender effects attending those pious exhortations and grave admonitions are alone to be considered. The "classic" example of universal penitence, joined to what the Americans called "resoluting," was furnished to the world at the close of the great Napoleonic struggle; and yet how many a flattering dream was rudely dissipated at that time, because the Devil, who had been sick unto death, recovered, and despising, or forgetting, the days of his penitence, went once more his accustomed way! Shocks to the conscience, as those to the physical system, are apt to pass away without permanently affecting the conduct of those who have been temporarily subjected to them. The gulf which so often separates theory from practice would appear to be as much a characteristic of the moral world as creeks and chasms are permanent features of the physical economy. But, at the same time, if there be such things as Growth and Progress at all in the moral world, it is time that we should have a just regard to that philosophy. Have we not already "civilised" war to at least the extent of rendering it a crime against humanity to massacre the captives taken in battle? The paths of conquerors are no longer marked by those ghastly pyramids of heads

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which the inhuman Tamerlane caused to be erected wherever he penetrated with his destroying sword. If a Joan of Arc should rise up to-morrow, and should suffer capture at the hands of her enemies, her takers would undoubtedly declare her mad; but they would not venture to burn her at the stake. That pattern and mirror of English chivalry—The Black Prince—had, apparently, no scruples whatever in butchering, in cold blood, at Limoges, three thousand men, women, and children. Shining patriots, like Wallace and Vercingetorix would not nowadays be subjected to the indignities and barbarities so often inflicted on the fallen hero in the palmy days of savage warfare. We are, surely, not quite so cruel and bestial as were our ancestors—so detestably unforgiving and vengeful and bloody in our ways and manners? The creed of those who pin their faith to “Progress” may be but a flattering tale; but there is sunlight in that world of rosy hopes, as well as moonshine. At all events, we are not retrogressing. The passions and extravagancies that characterised the youth of Christian civilisation have yielded to the staid deportment of maturer years. No doubt, the rake reformed remains, in part, a rake. Sobriety’s best friend is advancing years. Virtue, too often, is but one of time’s necessities. The Ethiopian cannot change the complexion of his skin, neither can the leopard, wish he ever so fervently and devoutly, hope to divest himself of his incriminating spots. Good intentions, however, should always be suitably encouraged. The law of averages may be against them, in the sense that they fail to mature much more frequently than that they

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are attended with a prosperous issue. But though we should sin even unto seventy times seven, yet may the four hundred and ninety-first occasion open unto us the gates of paradise.

It is important, therefore, that nothing should be done to discourage those elaborate searchings of heart in which the conscience of Christendom is at present engaged. Rather should we do all we can to improve that good disposition. We should paint the horrors of war as a merciless and uncompromising realism requires that they should be depicted, and set forth its folly and wastefulness in the cold clear light afforded by history, and the statistics relating to the economic status and development of civilised communities. By these, and other corrective measures, calculated to cool the martial ardour of militant Christendom, may we hope to hasten the coming of that day when wars shall be no more, and when the plough-share and the pruning-hook shall enjoy a predestined, but belated, ascendancy. It is not necessary that war should have a future. You will hear men defending it, on this ground or that, but these are either interested parties, or shallow reasoners, whose asseverations are not worthy a moment's serious consideration. The money spent on war—even granting that it is not a "dead loss" to society—could be much more profitably spent in other provinces. The few good qualities that war tends to foster can be nourished and exercised under conditions much more favourable to individual merit and collective virtue. Bravery, patriotism, endurance, self-sacrifice, etc., are not, nor ever have been, dependent on war for their subsistence. War

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is a superstition—the most gigantic and horrid that has ever oppressed, and obsessed, the minds and souls of men, but like the creeds of Moloch, Mumbo Jumbo, and other gross and bloody forms of exploded belief, it has but to be narrowly canvassed in order that its absurdity and iniquity may be clearly established.

But, granting the hatefulness and the wastefulness of war, how may we hope to put an end to it? Hardly can we think to abolish it by any other means save by doing our best to encourage the successive ameliorations by which the history of its moral evolution is characterised. It is possible, of course, that war may some day be made impossible by reason of some discovery or invention which shall render nugatory the potential values of the greatest and most efficient armies, and the best military genius. Discounting altogether the war-like discoveries and inventions of the future, we should remember that the air-ship and the submarine are still in their infancy, and that the evolution of these two arms may perchance proceed in such a manner as eventually to render a land-supremacy and a sea-supremacy equally impossible. Moreover, in considering the future of war, we would do well to bear in mind that the growth of the feeling or conscience arrayed against it is not unlikely to keep pace with the ingenuity of those who devote their talents to the discovery of new means to destroy their fellow-men. The history of the gradual "civilising" of warfare surely points to the conclusion that each successive amelioration of the conditions under which the State consents to take the field in defence of a cause which it esteems to be just is nothing more or

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less than a milestone on the evolutionary path which should eventually lead to war's final and complete abandonment. The combination of these two movements, the one proceeding in the direction of the improvement of the means of destruction, and the other in that of the broadening and deepening of the conscience which labours to render war increasingly less savage, brutal, and destructive, may—nay, no doubt, will—eventually lead to the entire suppression of this hideous folly and unmitigated curse.

Apart altogether, however, from the important part which science and humanity seem destined to play as regards the future of war, the evolutionary history of the superstition in question provides us with grounds for reasonable hope that this night-mare of mankind will, in course of time, pass away. Let us briefly consider the fate of Private War, whose history provides us with an analogy in every way more satisfactory for our purpose than the rise and decline of the practice of duelling can possibly do, though it is to be observed that the gradual elimination from the social code of the latter superstition would now appear to be merely a question of time.

Of the many privileges conferred on the nobles of Europe by the Feudal system, none was more jealously guarded, or more frequently exercised, than the right of waging Private War. This lawless custom was the cause of untold misery, barbarity, ruin, and destitution. Upon the slightest pretext—often indeed with no excuse at all—the Feudal baron would sally forth from his stronghold in order to carry fire and sword into the territories of some neighbouring chief. " This

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abuse (says Cox in his *History of the House of Austria*) was carried to so great an extent that not only sovereigns and states engaged in hostilities from interest or revenge, but the lesser barons, and even associations of tradesmen and domestics sent defiances to each other, on the most ridiculous pretences, and in a manner scarcely credible at the present day. We find a declaration of war from a private individual, Henry Mayenberg, against the emperor; another from the lord Prauenstein against Frankfort, because a young lady of the city refused to dance with his uncle; another in 1450 from the baker and domestics of the margrave of Baden against Eslingen, Reutlingen, and other imperial cities; another in 1462 from the baker of the Count Palatine Louis against the cities of Augburgh, Ulm, and Rothwell; one in 1471 from the shoe-blacks of the university of Leipzig against the provost and some other members; and one in 1477 from a cook of Eppenstein, with his scullions, dairy-maids, and dish-washers against Otho Count of Solens." But this lawless and mischievous spirit did not expire with the abolition of the right of Private War. The Feudal temper survived long after the sovereign and the ecclesiastical power became sufficiently strong to deprive the noble of his cherished "right" of cutting his neighbours' throats and spoiling his neighbour's vineyard, because he coveted his goods, had conceived some private grudge against him, or desired to find scope for the exercise of his retainers' and vassals' martial proclivities. The love of wanton aggression, provoked and fostered by the Feudal laws, was conspicuous in the measures of many a European State which,

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like Sweden before the reign of Queen Christina, had not yet fully emerged from the barbarity of Feudal times. Even during the reign of the successor of that remarkable woman a formal and solemn deliberation was held by the States in order to determine the question whether the arms of Sweden should be turned against the Danes, the Russians, or the Poles. It was freely admitted that neither the Danes nor the Russians had furnished the slightest pretext for declaring war against either the one or the other; but the kingdom of Gustavus Adolphus being then determined on war, it was finally decided to attack Poland, though that unfortunate country, already hastening to its decline and harassed by other enemies, had given no cause of offence that was not susceptible to an amicable accommodation.

The first check imposed on the right of Private War took its rise from an ecclesiastical source. "A bishop of Aquitaine, in the year 1032 (says Robertson in his *History of the Emperor Charles V.*) published a pretended revelation enjoining men to cease from hostility; and that being a period of public calamity, it was so favourably received that a general cessation from hostilities took place, and continued during seven years; and it was agreed that no man should, in time to come, attack or molest his adversaries during the seasons set apart for celebrating the great festivals of the Church, or from the evening of Thursday in each week to the morning of Monday in the week ensuing, the intervening days being considered as consecrated by the suffering and resurrection of our Lord." Such was the origin of the famous *Truce of God*, a measure

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which was eagerly laid hold of by Popes and Kings in order to allay the prevailing shocking barbarity of those times, and to hold in check the licentious and destructive spirit everywhere engendered by the right of Private War. How unspeakably barbarous and lawless were the manners and customs of the upper classes, so long as this horrid "right" obtained, may be gathered from the speech delivered by Pope Urban II. at the Second Council of Clermont, on the occasion of the first Crusade. "You will turn," said the Pontiff, addressing the flower of Western Chivalry, "against the enemy of the Christian name those swords which you are incessantly sharpening against each other, which that salutary Truce, ordained by Our predecessors, has not been able to make you lay aside, and which you must now sheath, if you are not willing to be struck with the anathema which We have just now launched against everyone who should dare to infringe it. Since you must have blood, bathe yourselves in the blood of infidels—wash away in this guilty blood the blood of Christians with which you are polluted. Oppressors of the widow and of the orphan! Robbers! Assassins! Famished vultures! who have no pleasure but in fields of carnage, behold the moment when you may prove whether you are animated by a true courage—whether you are warriors or savage tigers, such as you have hitherto shown yourselves!"

The institution of the *Truce of God*—the true forerunner of the Arbitration Treaties of the present day—though it would not appear to have been as scrupulously observed as its ecclesiastical projectors

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intended that it should be, yet undoubtedly paved the way for those successive efforts which aimed at the complete suppression, in the interests of humanity and law and order, of the odious right of Private War. The establishment of civic corporations further greatly assisted the progress of the reform inaugurated by the clergy, inasmuch as being occupied in manufactures and commerce, the incorporated towns were not less interested in the preservation of the public peace than were the dignified ecclesiastics and the clergy in general. Accordingly, the cities zealously employed their forces in protecting industry, and in maintaining the security of the public roads, whilst even many of the barons, seeing well-defended towns springing up on all sides, found themselves deprived of the inducements to hostility presented by the hope of pillage. It was, however, the gradual growth of the royal power which was the principal cause that led to the final abandonment of Private War. St. Louis of France laboured to abolish this mischievous custom with all the zeal which religion and the love of law and order could inspire. He was, however, forced to content himself with requiring that forty days should be suffered to elapse before satisfaction for an injury should be sought. Philip the Fair was able to proceed further, as the royal authority was, in his time, more considerable. In the year 1296, at the request of the bishops and barons of Languedoc, he commanded that Private Wars should not, in that part of the Kingdom, be waged on any account whatsoever. In fine, it was by gradual steps such as these that the right of waging Private War was in course of time

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swept away in every country of Europe in which the Feudal System obtained. The measure of success attending the efforts to abolish the custom naturally varied greatly in the different countries in which those endeavours were put forth, and, generally speaking, was in proportion to the strength of the authority enjoyed by the respective monarchs of the States in which the Feudal law ran. In England, the last remnants of that law were abolished at the Restoration by the Act of Parliament which abrogated military tenures, the corresponding tenures of Scotland—styled by us the Hereditary Jurisdictions—not being repealed until after the Jacobite rising of 1745. In both Scotland and England, however, the right of waging Private War had been laid aside long before the last remnants of the Feudal System were formally abolished by legislative means.

Thus, considering the matter in the light of the analogy afforded us by the history of the institution of Private War, there would appear to be ample foundation for the belief that Public, or International, War will, in course of time, undergo a similar fate. The unceasing attempts made to ameliorate the conditions under which modern warfare may legitimately be carried on, joined to the ever-increasing tendency, not only to multiply its checks and safeguards, but to confine and to contract, as far as may be possible, the actual area devoted for the time being to the hideous conflagration, point to no other conclusion but that Public War is now, as an institution, in course of submitting to a disintegrating process similar in every respect to that which, at one time, assailed the right

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of Private War, and eventually entirely overcame it. Moreover, the more the absurdity of war, as a just means of settling international disputes, becomes recognised by the nations of the universe, the stronger will grow the feeling against it, and the higher will rise the desire to discover some more rational and equitable way of deciding the quarrels and the controversies of rival peoples. We smile nowadays at the crude and clumsy attempts of our Feudal ancestors to adjust the scales in the interest of justice. The *Judicium Crucis*, the judicial combat, and the various "ordeals" in which boiling water and red-hot iron were resorted to in order to determine the guilt or innocence of incriminated parties—these and other barbarous and foolish substitutes for law and equity reasonably excite our laughter; but is Public War a less absurd, capricious, and unfair means of settling disputes between hostile nations? Under the institution of Public War, the nations have no surer guarantee that the ends of justice will be served than had the poor Feudal wretch who, in defence of his cause, was obliged to have recourse to what was called (absurdly enough) the "Justice of God." As a means to determine guilt or innocence, or to settle disputed points, consistently with the merits of each successive case, War is just as hopelessly crude, capricious, barbarous, and unfair a method as were the various "Ordeals," and the several foolish ways of celebrating the judicial combat of Feudal times. Indeed, Public War, and the grotesque machinery by means of which justice was sought to be dispensed in Feudal days are, considered from the point of view of equity, synchronous exped-

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ients for achieving that which only a low state of general intelligence, and a slender stock of civilisation, can be held accountable for preventing mankind from accomplishing in some more rational and equitable manner. Before the Feudal System was Public War is ; but it is to be observed that the spirit or humour which sought to solve the mysteries of right and wrong by obliging a man to plunge his naked hand into boiling water, or causing him to stand, during the celebration of Mass, with arms extended, in competition with another, is little, if anything, removed, in a point of absurdity, from the cognate custom which compels whole nations to fly at one another's throats in order to decide some question which it were the rankest folly, or the grossest pessimism, to think could not be determined in some far more satisfactory and reasonable manner. It is not too much to say, indeed, that as a device or expedient for serving the ends of justice, Public War belongs to the same epoch in the evolutionary history of human thought as does the *Judicium Crucis*, and similar absurdities.

On the whole, then, I am inclined to think that the balance of probability is not in favour of the theory of the long continuance of Public War, as an institution recognised by the international social code. The War in which Europe is presently engaged may not be the last of its kind ; but I hold that we have good grounds for believing that the career of this abominable and useless custom is already hastening to a predestined close. Each successive War brings us appreciably nearer to what, considering its history, I cannot but regard as that institution's allotted span.

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The multiplication of the checks designed to circumscribe the area temporarily devoted to war; the successive endeavours to render it increasingly more "humane"; the growth of civilisation; and the spread of knowledge calculated to expose the economic and other fallacies which at present bar the way to a juster and saner appreciation of the moral and material ruin wrought by war—surely the sum of these and similar efforts directed to a common end will not fail of producing, in course of time, that desirable result towards which all such alleviative measures have long been gravitating. It is much to be hoped, too, that, when the existing war shall be brought to a close, the code of those laws by which the intercourse of nations is regulated will be narrowly enquired into, and such improvements and additions made to that body of jurisprudence as should tend not only to check the outbreak of such vast conflagrations as that through which Europe is presently passing, but to safeguard in a manner more sure and satisfactory than has hitherto, unfortunately, been possible the rights and liberties of the smaller nationalities. International jurisprudence—the gift of the eminent Dutchman, Grotius—only dates from the close of the seventeenth century. Puffendorf and Vattel followed in the footsteps of that worthy genius, but it can hardly be said with truth that the subsequent growth of International law has corresponded with its brilliant beginnings. The time will soon come, however, in which a determined effort should be made to place the *whole* of Europe under such a body of laws and guarantees as should suffice not only to hold its war-


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like proclivities permanently in check, but to ensure for all time coming something like an even and impartial distribution of international justice. The concentration of so many potent influences should conspire to purge society of a curse by which humanity has been too long assailed, and too grievously afflicted.

M. MACMILLAN.



The War and the Highlands.

HE long-descended Gael is nothing if not soldier-like. He loves the pride, pomp and circumstance of "glorious war." His poetic nature rejoices in the neighing steed, the rolling drum, the shrill trump, and the spirit-stirring pipes. And there is evidence that his martial ardour is an ever-increasing quantity. When the several Royal Commissions were conducting their respective enquiries into the agrarian problem in the north of Scotland, almost every intelligent witness was questioned with regard to the militant sentiments of the people. The consensus of opinion seemed to indicate that it was rapidly waning, if not actually extinguished. Those witnesses were entirely mistaken. The gladiatorial disposition was dormant, but far from being dead. The course of events in connection with the present struggle has placed it beyond a doubt that the soul of the Celt is still peculiarly responsive to "war's red techstone," and that he was never readier than he is at this moment to venture everything for the "great prize of death in battle."

The men of the north have ever been singularly disinterested in their pugnacity. Than this fact there is none more clearly revealed in history. While slow and reluctant to fight for their own private advantage, they were ever prepared to interfere in other

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people's quarrels. A chief, prince, or statesman had only to whisper, "To arms, ye braves," and they would promptly "fall in" and unsheath the avenging sword. They would not wait for much enlightenment as to the merits of the question in dispute. This remarkable characteristic was not always recognised, or appreciated, by Scottish monarchs, the consequence being that, when occasion arose, they did not always avail themselves of this splendid fighting material which lay ready to their hand. Numerous cases might be cited in which, if the help of the Gaels had been invoked, events of much national importance would have had a very different issue from that which they actually produced.

In turning her back on the mountains and its chivalrous inhabitants Queen Mary made the final and, perhaps, the greatest mistake of her life. On the day following the disastrous battle of Langside she shook the soil of Scotland off her feet, and crossed over to the domain of her "well-beloved cousin," Elizabeth. That misguided step was, for her, the beginning of the end. At that particular time peace and harmony prevailed in Gaeldom; and, if the hapless queen had summoned the clansmen to her banner, there would probably have been a brave muster, and the tragedy of Fotheringay would never have sullied the annals of England. Through the medium of the great Montrose and otherwise, Charles I. turned to the Gaels, but the appeal was lacking in method, system and thoroughness. It resembled much more the capricious bidding of a rebel chief than the imperative command of a potent king. It produced the precise result that

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ever attends half-hearted measures. A very similar policy was adopted by Charles II. After Perth had surrendered to Cromwell, the royal forces found supplies cut off from the Fair City and from Fife. On the other hand, the west and south were relieved from the pressure of the enemy, and the Highlands were still open, although by a circuitous route. The clans, whose strength was by no means entirely broken, were peculiarly fitted for desultory warfare. Charles, however, threw away all these advantages. Growing tired of the fatigues of a protracted campaign, he decided to break up camp and return to the south. This plan was promptly carried out, and its imprudence was demonstrated on his reaching Worcester. The great resources of the clan country were also overlooked by James VII. Instead of bolting to France he ought to have looked at home for support and assistance. These four sovereigns made a fatal error in discounting the fighting aptitude of the men of the hills.

It was in the days of James VIII., and of his son, Bonnie Prince Charlie, that the military possibilities of the northern counties were first realised.

In 1726 the Earl of Mar wrote to his son in these terms :—" The Highlanders seem indeed to be the true remains of the old Scots, and, notwithstanding all the hardship they have mett with, are the people that can be of the greatest use in relieving our country when an opportunity offers. I must forever acknowledge the obligations I owe to them, as you ought to do, for their ready joining me even before I could produce the king's commission, which shows their zeal for their king and country, and the confidence they had in me

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in all the difficulties I met with in those times, a time of the greatest trial. I hope I have not been ungrateful, having done all in my power to have them make the figur and lookt on as they deserve to be." His lordship further stated that "if the Scots were accustomed as of old to the use of arms, it is plain to demonstration that they could furnish and bring into the field at any time for the service of the king and country fifty thousand good men, and nearly double that number in case of necessity, by an invasion from without, or commotion within, the island of Great Britain."

No part of Scottish history is better known than that describing the part played by the sturdy Gaels in the various thrilling incidents of the 'Fifteen and the 'Forty-five.

At this period the clansmen were less unanimous and enthusiastic on the side of the Stewarts than in former days. Nevertheless, they nearly succeeded in driving the Hanoverian from the throne, and restoring the old dynasty. Their war-like and brilliant achievements opened the eyes of the powers that were to the valuable asset their plans possessed in the valourous Celts of Scotland. It was at length discerned that here was a bountiful supply of fighting stuff on which the Government could liberally draw for the furtherance of its aggressive policy on the Continent and elsewhere. From those days down to the present the English army has ever been sedulously recruited from the enchanting glens beyond the Grampians, and, in each successive war,

"Where the doughtiest deeds are dared
There the Gael is forward pressing."

The War and the Highlands

The year 1729 is memorable as having witnessed the formation of the first so-called "Highland" regiment. The Government, at the instigation apparently of Lord Grange, came then to the definite conclusion that the hardy mountaineers had the making of good soldiers, and that a number of them should be embodied and constituted a part of the regular domestic military force in Scotland. Only persons that were "loyal" were to be enlisted, and the sphere of their duty was to be the Highland district. They were to keep watch and ward over their own kith and kin. For this somewhat invidious task they were considered "far better qualified than soldiers from the lowlands." Six independent companies were brought into existence, and it is worthy of note that one of them was commanded by the notorious Lord Lovat, afterwards tried for treason and executed on Tower Hill. The companies were collectively nicknamed *Am Freiceadan Dubh*, or The Black Watch, partly on account of their sombre tartan, and partly owing to the unknightly nature of their functions. The privates of the companies were all men of a superior station, being mostly cadets of good families—gentlemen of the old Celtic and patriarchal lines and of baronial proprietors. It was distinctly understood by all who joined that their military duties were to be confined to the Highland area, and that each company was to have a permanent cantonment and scene of operations. Whether the *Freiceadan Dubh* helped in any measure to preserve peace and felicity in Gaeldom is a question which does not come within the scope of this article. It is interesting, however, to enquire into the manner in which their high-spirited

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and "patriotic" services were required by the Government.

After the Watch had been in existence for eleven years, the authorities decided to raise four new companies, and have the whole formed into a regiment of the line, to be known as the 43rd, subsequently changed into the 42nd. Three years later—in 1743—it was arranged that the new unit should march to England and proceed on foreign service. The proposal to send them abroad was regarded both by officers and privates as a direct and monstrous breach of faith, for they had joined on the distinct understanding that they would only be required to serve in their own country. This view was also taken and unequivocally expressed by the Lord President (Duncan Forbes) and many of the Government's warmest supporters. Adopting fresh tactics, the authorities then intimated that the object of the march to England was merely to gratify the curiosity of the King, he being "desirous to see a Highland corps, and graciously pleased to express or feel great curiosity on the subject." Flattered by this fib, and all unaware that shipping was ordered to convey them to Flanders, the men started light-heartedly for England at the end of March, 1743.

On reaching London they were duly reviewed—by General Wade! The Whig King had that very day sailed for his beloved Hanover. The Gaels found themselves deceived, and felt that "the king had told them a lie." They were ordered to embark forthwith at Gravesend for Flanders, for, as was stated at the time, "after being used as rods to scourge their own countrymen, they were to be thrown into the fire."

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The deluded warriors, bent on returning as speedily as possible to their northern homes, assembled by night, and, under command of Corporal Malcolm MacPherson, Corporal Samuel MacPherson, and Private Farquhar Shaw, commenced their toilsome march back to Scotland. In Northamptonshire they were overtaken by strong squadrons of dragoons, and, seeing the hopelessness of resistance, surrendered to General Blakeney. They were escorted back to London, and three of their number (the two MacPhersons and Farquhar Shaw) were tried and shot at the Tower. In a brief report which appeared in the *St. James's Chronicle* it was stated that the "rest of the Highland prisoners were drawn up to see the execution. . . . Their bodies were put into three coffins by three of the prisoners, their clansmen and namesakes, and buried in one grave, near the place of execution." Of the survivors, some two hundred were drafted to corps serving at Gibraltar and Minorca, and in Georgia, Jamaica and the Leeward Islands. In a few weeks the remainder of the regiment embarked for Flanders, where it joined Lord Stair's army shortly after the battle of Dettingen.

This was the Gael's first experience of military service under an English Government, and it was not very encouraging. To the wicked breach of faith then perpetrated by the authorities may be traced much of that suspicion and distrust manifested by the Seaforth Highlanders and other clan regiments in the revolts and mutinies of later years; and nothing inspired greater hatred against King George in the hearts of those who "rose" for Prince Charlie in 1745 than the story of the deception and murder (for so they named

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the barbarous deed) of the three soldiers of the *Freicadan Dubh*.

One would fancy that indefensible incidents of this character would serve to damp the ardour of the most inveterate fighters. It seems, however, that the Gael's bellicose zeal is not easily repressed. It has survived, not only gross insult and treachery to his soldier-sons, but the rankest indignity and outrage to his civilian relatives at home.

Shortly after the kidnapping of the Black Watch, their came the 'Forty-five and the final crushing of Jacobite hopes. When the military authorities found, to their agreeable surprise, that their forces had overcome those of the Gaelic "rebels," they commenced to administer to the vanquished some sharp lessons in punitive justice. These lessons would do credit to the savage ingenuity and truculence of Nero, Herod, or Ivan the Terrible.

"The peaceful glens," says Skene, "were visited with a scourge of licentious soldiery let loose upon helpless inhabitants." Stronger language still is used in the *Active Testimony*, a little tract now very rare and issued in 1749, not by friends of the victims but by extreme covenanters who had no sympathy with Jacobitism. "Cumberland's red-coats," says the candid little pamphlet, "were vermin from hell, who came in shoals from Flanders and England, bellowing forth their horrid curses and blasphemous oaths, and robbing, stealing and ruining all wherever they came, defiling the land with their abominable whoredoms and other uncleannesses. Cumberland himself made all manner of wickedness with a high hand." After Culloden "the

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red-coats not only barbarously murdered the wounded and massacred the unarmed onlookers, but, like incarnate devils, they raged through the country murdering women and children and old, infirm men in many places, and burning others in barns and in their houses without distinction of age or sex; hanging up some on iron hooks by the chins, and hanging others by the thumbs, and then whipping them to death." In a letter written by an officer in the Duke of Cumberland's army at Fort Augustus on 10th June, 1746, it is stated: "Yesterday His Royal Highness gave a fine Holland smock to the soldiers' wives, to be run for on these Galloways, also bare-backed, and riding with their limbs on each side of the horse, like men. Eight started, and there were three of the finest heats ever seen."

Then came the Disarming Acts and the proscription of the tartan and national garb—measures stigmatised by Dr. Johnson as "rather an ignorant wantonness of power than the proceedings of a wise and beneficent legislation."

Strange and almost incredible as it may seem these cruel castigations and captious persecutions failed to assuage the clansmen's thirst for martial fame. They allowed themselves to be wheedled, coaxed and exploited by unscrupulous and designing statesmen, when the slightest modicum of mother wit should have warned them that they were being used as simple tools—that the "nods and becks and wreathed smiles" were entirely Machiavelian. Like music in their ears was the vapid rhetoric of chauvinistic Chatham, who, in his efforts to replenish his military forces, "looked for merit in the mountains of the North." That a



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people possessed of much native intelligence and discernment should be so gullible and infatuated, presents a curious mental phenomenon for which it is extremely difficult to account.

The country of the clans continued to be recruited to some purpose, and the response was always ready and cheerful. One battalion after another was raised in quick succession and added to the line—the Seaforths, the Gordons, the Camerons, the Argylls, and a number of others. The sons of the Gael were, also, freely distributed in regiments which had no territorial connection with their own country. Some interesting figures are available regarding the number of Skyemen who wore the black cockade during the Napoleonic wars. Although they lack the charm of novelty I am tempted to quote them, for they have a direct bearing on the points under discussion. The Misty Isle furnished the army and navy with 71 generals and colonels, 600 other officers and 10,000 foot soldiers. It is stated that 1,600 Skyemen fought under Wellington at Waterloo. As with the Hebrides so with the mainland—every parish and district gave freely to the offensive and defensive forces of the Crown. They were wholly disinterested in their services. The men of the tartan knew well that they were fighting other people's battles, and that, no matter how ample the spoils they helped to secure, neither they nor their people would count as beneficiaries.

Meantime, the Government were persistent in harassing and badgering the "auld folk at hame." The rascal evictor was permitted and encouraged to run riot in the straths and clachans, which the people had

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come to regard as "by richt their ain." Gaeldom was cleared, as Sir Walter Scott wrote, "not of its superfluity of population but of the whole mass of its inhabitants." While the fathers, sons and husbands, attired in red coats, were away in foreign countries forwarding England's acquisitive policy, their families—their wives, children, and parents—were being forcibly transported to remote colonies and their homes given to the flames. In the work of removal the strong arm of England's law was always ready to help. Authentic cases are on record in which, to hasten the process of shifting, large bodies of troops were often brought out during the early decades of last century, with artillery and cartloads of ammunition.

Exactly thirty years and six months have now elapsed since soldiery were last mobilised against the poor, patient, much-enduring peasants of Gaeldom. To help some mercenary landlords to collect arrears of their rack rents, "a military expedition, with four ships of war, and 500 marines, was sent to Skye in November, 1884. This display of force preserved order; and the marines were subsequently used to support the police in apprehending crofters in Skye and the Lews." (*Vide* article on Agriculture in Groome's *Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotland*).

To all these abuses and outrages—unrivalled, perhaps, in the history of any nation—the warlike Gaels submitted without the semblance of an articulate protest. Lions when warring for others, they were lambs and goats when their own rights and interests ought to be defended. They certainly carried the "disinterested" principle to an extreme length. One

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would fancy that the wholesale and almost complete expatriation of their kith and kin would extinguish their martial ardour. Love of kindred and country they have in plenty, but, as the event proved, more potent and intense is their love for war's glorious art—the drama of the stricken field. With no hope of tangible gain for themselves or the race to which they belonged they continued to manifest a keen craving for the charmed “shilling.” To them fighting, like virtue, was its own reward.

Coming down to the present day, we find the Gaels as eager as ever to shoulder a gun. Last August, when the blast of war blew on the ear, they instantly stood like greyhounds in the slips, straining upon the start. In no part of the Three Kingdoms was Kitchener's call to arms more promptly and generously responded to than in the land of the bens and glens. The hero of Khartoum, like Lord Chatham, “looked for merit in the mountains of the North,” and, like the renowned statesman, he was not disappointed. In those few districts where the evictor was less thorough with his scourge, volunteers came forward in unstinted numbers. In proportion to its population the Island of Lewis takes the lead for the multitude of its recruits. It has sent out over 5,000 men—splendid specimens of Gaelic manhood. This number equals one per eight of its population. A striking case is that of Grimsay. There are thirty-one families on this gem of the sea, and these have sent thirty-four men to the front. On a neighbouring island there are twelve families, but the men are all above the age. Yet the people there have done their “little bit.” They have contributed £1 a-piece to the Prince of

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Wales's Fund. Fancy your thousandaires, millionaires, marquises and dukes subscribing to a similar tune—according to their means. Skye has given nearly as many men as Lewis; and other islands, as well as the parishes of the mainland, furnished at a rate almost equally handsome. In the House of Lords the other day, Lord Midleton gave figures to show the proportion of recruits supplied by different parts of the country up to 4th November. These indicate that in both industrial and agricultural districts Scotland easily comes out first. For the north of Scotland the figure was 93 per 10,000 of the population, while that for the West of England, which stood second, was 90. Truly the Highlands and Islands have done what they could. And yet there are some exalted persons who carp, cavil, and declare blatantly that the Gaels are hanging back.

The Duke of Argyll lapses into rhetoric and waxes wroth over the failure of many of his "own vassals and tenants" to join the colours. "Through causes purely economic," he states, "there are no longer such great surplus populations in the Highlands of Argyll and the Isles." By the lifting of his little finger or his Cross of Fire, Mac Caillein cannot perhaps raise the men he once could have done, but still he thinks that all the old spirit, hardly really dormant, is yet still alive among his "vassals." His Grace, if out for recruits, might well have approached his "vassals" with less haughtiness. Instead of treating them as the sensible, high-spirited lads that they are, he addressed the "young men of Argyll and the Isles"—such as are left of them—in a high-flown, extravagant style, worthy of the Kaiser in his lordliest moods. Why does not his Grace

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volunteer and set a good example to the men of Argyll?

The Marquis of Breadalbane, a man of the world and usually level-headed enough, has for the nonce taken a leaf out of the ducal book. He rates the youth of Tiree and avers that, at the time of the Peninsular War, 300 men from that island joined the various forces. True, my lord! It is unfair, however, to compare great things with small. At the time referred to the population of the low-lying island was nearly three times what it is to-day. His lordship can observe a similar change of conditions in his own Breadalbane. During the last visit of Queen Victoria to Taymouth she had a bodyguard 1,000 strong—all Breadalbane men and all six feet in height. To-day Lochtayside is desolate. "The pibroch may sound through the deserted region, but the summons will remain unanswered." Breadalbane and Tiree have been the subjects of similar "economic" forces. We find that six hundred able-bodied men from Glengarry followed their chief to Culloden. In 1777 Major John MacDonald, turned "loyalist," raised the MacDonald Highlanders, numbering 1,086 men, and of these 750 were from Glengarry. In 1794 another regiment was raised, of whom half were from this estate. I do not believe that sixty able-bodied men could, to-day, be found in the whole place, if gamekeepers and gillies were left out of account. Instances such as these might be multiplied a hundred-fold.

At this moment, when his services are sorely needed, the Gael is fairly lionised. He is flattered, coddled, and made to think that he is a man of some importance.

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I wonder what his recompense will be when the war and the danger of conquest are over, and the sword is returned to its scabbard. Will he be forced to continue to make a scanty and precarious living on small barren ungrateful patches of land while all the fertile and cultivable areas are devoted to the raising of dumb animals? Unless the friends of the people are vigilant and alert, this is exactly what will happen. With Governments, as with some lowlier people, gratitude is often a sense of favours to come. Public memory is proverbially short, and Government memory is known to be the shortest of all.

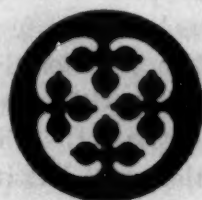
Government must not be permitted to forget. Care must be taken that Gaeldom has not to wait for its next land measure a quarter of a century or more—the period that elapsed between the passage of the last two acts. And when a land bill is introduced it must be placed under the pilotage of a stronger man than the late Lord Advocate (Mr. Alexander Ure, now Lord Strathclyde). That statesman allowed Lord Tullibardine and other landlord members to peck and nibble at the various clauses until little was left but a few fantastic provisions for paying huge indemnities for the disturbing of wild geese and for interfering with other proprietary rights and privileges. The price of Gaelic blood spilt in war was never paid in the past, but it must, and will, be paid on this occasion. A period shall be put to chic-anery, trickery and thimble-rigging. Let the landlords understand that the Gael and his friends have, of late, gained considerably in stamina and backbone. They will no longer submit to be used like driven cattle—to act the “disinterested” and foolish part of fighting

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other people's wars without expecting any return for their struggles, wounds and sufferings. They are determined, this time, to mind number one. They have resolutely made up their minds to end the cynical policy of "looking for merit" when danger threatens, and, once the crisis is past, flinging the fighting material aside like a squeezed orange.

Now or never the landlords must be compelled to relax their iron grasp, so that the soil may be rendered accessible to the sons of the Gael—the gallant fellows who so generously risk their limbs and lives in defence of the country which they ought to be able to claim as their own, but which is really the country of sheep, deer, grouse and pheasants.

A. M. E.



A Business Note on Scottish Home Rule.

T is sometimes urged that one reason for the absence of any sustained campaign in favour of Home Rule is, that all Scotsmen are agreed upon the need for it. I question that myself, but believe that all that can be said on the sentimental side has already been said. There is, however, one aspect of the situation which still requires to be elaborated. I refer to the financial aspect. Once convince the average Scot that Home Rule would pay, and the last of his objections will disappear. This paper does not aspire to be anything more than a financial note intended to draw attention to several aspects of the business side of Home Rule which may induce others with more time to pursue the subject.

Among the many papers issued by Government annually there is one entitled, "Revenue and Expenditure (England, Scotland, and Ireland)." It costs twopence, and shows (1) the amount contributed by England, Scotland, and Ireland, respectively to the Revenue collected by Imperial Officers; (2) the expenditure on English, Scottish, and Irish services met out of such Revenue; and (3) the Balances of Revenue contributed by England, Scotland, and Ireland respectively which are available for Imperial Expenditure.

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For 1913-14 these last figures are as follows :—

England contributes £162,491,000 or 83.36 per cent. of the whole.

Scotland contributes £21,309,500 or 10.93 per cent. of the whole.

Ireland contributes £11,134,500 or 5.71 per cent. of the whole.

Of these amounts large sums are to be deducted representing Local Expenditure.

England spent £66,659,700 locally or 74.80 per cent. of the whole.

Scotland spent £10,105,000 locally or 11.34 per cent. of the whole.

Ireland spent £12,357,000 locally or 13.86 per cent. of the whole.

This means that England hands over £95,831,500 for Imperial purposes ; Scotland, £11,204,000 ; while Ireland gives nothing. On the other hand, indeed she received £1,222,500 in 1913-14.

A casual glance at these figures seems to indicate that England contributes the lion's share. But second thoughts will suggest a scrutiny based upon considerations that must be taken into account. It is obvious that some basis must be determined upon which to estimate the contributions.

There are several that might be taken, such as population, but there is only one that is reasonable, viz. : ability to contribute.

The *Scotsman* newspaper has had a varied and mottled career on the subject of Home Rule. I have in my possession a rapidly fading pamphlet issued from its offices in 1887, of which Lord Rosebery

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once remarked that it might well be called "The Charter of Scottish Home Rule." I have also in front of me as I write, an article published on July 12th, 1902, dealing with the financial grievances of Scotland. Despite the fact that the *Scotsman* has long since turned its back upon its "Charter," and despite the fact that it does not support Home Rule, it still retains some sparks of national justice. In this article which deals with the basis of population, it is important to remember that it is considering practically the same proportions as I have already given. Then England contributed 82.70 per cent., or .66 per cent. less than in 1913-14; Scotland gave 10.75 per cent. or .18 per cent. less. The difference therefore is immaterial.

Discussing the apparent advantage to Scotland which on those figures made a *per capita* contribution of £2 8s 10d, as against England's £2 13s 10d, the *Scotsman* proceeds:—

"The advantage, however, is not as real as it seems. Imperial Expenditure is a phrase which besides including a good deal of money spent outside the United Kingdom, also includes a good deal that is spent within the United Kingdom. It includes, for example, the entire expenditure on the Army and Navy, on the Royal Family, on the Houses of Parliament, on such offices as the Colonial Office, the Foreign Office, the Board of Trade, the Stationery Office, and so forth. . . . The fact remains, however, that by far the greater part of this increased Imperial expenditure

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represents *money spent in England*. This fact is entirely ignored in these returns, but it must be taken into account in determining the justice or injustice of the financial relations of the two countries. Take the case of the Army. Before the War (*i.e.* the Boer War) there were in the United Kingdom 78 battalions of infantry and 19 regiments of cavalry. Of these only two battalions of infantry and one regiment of cavalry were stationed in Scotland, a proportion which bears no relation to population. Yet though the troops are stationed in England, paid in England, fed in England, clothed in England, Scotland has to pay its proportional share of the cost. The Income Tax collected in England on Official salaries is £980,000, while that collected in Scotland is only £15,000."

I cannot state the case better. The *Scotsman* effectively disposes of the fallacy of basing any conclusions on a *per capita* basis.

What, then, ought to be the basis? Undoubtedly it ought to be on the basis of ability to contribute, and in ascertaining this it is generally conceded that Assessment to Income Tax is the nearest possible barometer of the aggregate wealth of any community. That assessment in Scotland amounts to £95,724,000. A simple calculation makes it evident that on such a basis Scotland's fair and just contribution should be £9,427,982, or £1,776,518 less than she actually paid in 1913-14.

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It will be observed that Ireland was unable to contribute her share in 1913-14 for reasons we need not discuss here. I only mention it to enable me to drive home what Scotland did in a striking way. Scotland paid her fair share amounting to £9,427,982 to the Imperial purse ; she wiped out the deficit of Ireland, and in addition contributed £554,018 over and above ! That money was lost to Scotland. It is the price she is paying for the present nondescript Union, and it is a price, be it remembered, that she has been paying for years.

I have said this paper is only a financial note. Let us ask ourselves, is this business ? There we have a process of unequal contribution, unaccompanied by corresponding advantages. In Parliament money is continually being pressed for, for various native purposes. It was found in connection with the administration of the National Insurance Scheme that the Scottish Highlands and Islands demanded exceptional treatment on account of the physical conditions known to every Scotsman. For long enough the Treasury resisted the claim for money to equalise matters, and it was only after great parliamentary pressure that the Scottish members could extract £40,000, or one forty-fourth part of the amount contributed in excess by Scotland to the Imperial Treasury ! Cases could be multiplied with ease and appropriateness, but let that one suffice.

Turning to another phase of the financial loss incurred by the present system, let us draw attention to the huge waste of public money to local rates through the necessity of settling even our domestic

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concerns at Westminster. It is a thousand pities that a return could not be received over a period of years showing the total expenses to localities of this Mad-Hatter enterprise. None exists, and all I can do is to illustrate the wanton wastefulness of the process by a few references. In 1908-09 when the Imperial Parliament was engaged in passing the Old Age Pensions Act and the Great Budget, she was also asked to pass the following Acts :—

Tramways Acts for Glasgow, Edinburgh, Leith, Ayr, Paisley, Colinton, and Lanarkshire.

Water Acts for Edinburgh, Falkirk, Troon, Kirkcaldy, St. Andrews, Clydebank, and the Middle Ward of Lanarkshire.

Gas Acts for Edinburgh and Leith, Musselburgh, and Coatbridge.

Electricity Acts for Wishaw, Barrhead, Clydebank, Dundee, Rutherglen, and Dunfermline.

Burgh Extension Acts for Motherwell, Galashiels, Lanark, Greenock, and Musselburgh.

Harbour Acts for Leith, Buckie, Rothesay, Ardrossan, Aberdeen, and Irvine.

Railway Acts for four of the Scottish Railways.

Acts relating to Glasgow Building Regulations, Clyde Navigation, Perth Corporation, Hamilton Burgh, Water of Leith Purification, Glasgow Hospital for Skin Diseases, the Glasgow Merchants' House, the Edinburgh Merchant Company, and Gordon's College (Aberdeen).

As if these were not sufficient, Dunoon had its own little joke with the Imperial Legislature. She brought to Westminster an Act to enable the Town

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Council to charge for admission to the Castle Gardens !

As I say, I cannot give figures for the actual costs incurred in avoidable expenses. But I can give a few illustrations to indicate how heavy they must be. For example in 1912, the Lord Provost of Glasgow spent in expenses £168 10s 6d on a Boundaries Bill ; a Bailie, £111 12s 9d ; another Bailie spent £120 on a House-Letting Bill, etc., while a Depute Town Clerk spent £200 on various items. These, be it remembered, are only selected items.

In 1907, so far as I can make out from the City of Glasgow's accounts, it cost the citizens £81 2s 3d for its Lord Provost attending in London on two Bills. Again it cost £100 for a Councillor on similar and different business. Later in the same year, another Councillor spent £120 9s 6d ; another £42 1s 6d ; another £79 17s 8d, etc., etc. The Town Clerk spent £200 ; three Depute Town Clerks spent £408 19s 5d ; the City Engineer spent £121 15s 3d, and so on. Everyone familiar with the practice can doubtless fill in local details. The road to London is paved with Scottish earnings.

Here, again, the query comes in—Is this business ? Not only is there loss in money, but there must be immense loss of valuable time, more particularly in the case of officials when away from their offices. Remember it applies to every department of local life—City and Town Councils, Parish Councils, School Boards, to say nothing of the small army of Government officials from the Local Government Board, the Lunacy Board, the Board of Agriculture, etc.

When a Bill, which is not in the above category, but

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relates instead to some new legislative act, such as Mental Deficiency, or an Amendment of the Land Act, is being discussed in Scottish Grand Committee, it practically means that for the time being a considerable proportion of the staff of the Government office affected by the Bill is sent to London to kick its heels in the intervals between the meetings of the Committee. Nor is the attendance confined to Government officials. It will always be found to be the case that such legislation compels deputations of all sorts from Scotland, even legal men to hold watching briefs for some interest or other. It is an amazing and hopeless waste of public money and time.

Here are a few facts with reference to the loss of time. The members of the public bodies are public men with their own affairs to attend to. Yet in 1912 the Lord Provost of Glasgow was compelled to spend 43 days in London on parliamentary errands for his municipality; one Bailie 61 days; another 76; a Councillor 60; another 44; and these do not by any means make up the whole.

The officials ought to be in Glasgow attending to their work. But necessity compelled the Town Clerk to be away 73 days; a Depute Town Clerk 109 days; various members of the Town Clerk's Office 262 days in London; a member of the Assessor's Office 34 days; the Tramway Manager 21 days; the Water Engineer 18 days; the Master of Works 75 days; and the Medical Officer of Health 24 days! London might have been a suburb of Glasgow in 1912.

The Bill which wrought this exodus from Glasgow had its genesis in the desire of Glasgow to enlarge its

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municipal boundaries, a matter which certainly did not concern England, except in so far as it recovered for Glasgow her position as second City in the Empire.

But neither this waste in deputation expenses, nor in time, makes up the whole story. It was currently reported that the cost of the enterprise to all those interested—all of them Scottish boroughs—was well over £2000 a day. This was all spent in London, or nearly all, as the bulk of the costs were obviously incurred there. The Scottish Solicitors and Advocates could have earned their fees equally well in Scotland.

A more pitable lack of business acumen it would be difficult to find.

There is another aspect of the question which raises the business side of Home Rule. Scotland's national income has been calculated thus:—

Net output in returns under the	
Census of Production Act, 1907,	£87,000,000
Estimated value of Agricultural Pro-	
duction,	£18,000,000
Estimated income of persons not	
included in the above, ...	£30,000,000
Estimated income from Shipping,	£24,000,000
Estimated income from investments	
abroad,	£14,500,000

Her national wealth has been estimated at £1,451,625,000, or £305 per head. The aggregate for England and Wales is £383, and for Ireland £160.

Now in an able paper by Mr. Edgar Crammond,

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in the Journal of the Royal Statistical Society for January, 1912, he shows that the average *per capita* value of Scotland's external trade is £63, as against £40 for England, and £27 10/- for Ireland.

Here then is another business query. Why should the per capita national wealth of Scotland not make greater progress? The effect of the Union of 1707 on the progress in native manufactures is well known to every student of Scottish history. Are we suffering similarly again? In the ten years 1901-10 the gross income of Scotland shrank £3,000,000 from the total of the preceding decade. In the same period England increased her gross total by nearly four millions. Even Ireland made an extra half-million.

Wouldn't it pay business men to ask why this should happen? Whatever their politics, wouldn't it be wise to seek an explanation? There is one not unconcerned with great social problems which must be solved somehow, but which cannot be allowed to mark time for ever. Our population is not growing. In 1913 the excess of births over deaths was 47,476. In the same year the excess of emigrants over immigrants was 46,167. The net increase of population in 1913 was then only 1309. Business men will have to face vital as well as financial statistics. The progress of a nation resides as much in the office of the Registrar of Births as in the balance-sheet of its Industries.

I end as I began. This is not meant to be in any sense an exhaustive statement of the position. It is intended mainly as a hint to those who confound all politics to at least submit the claims of Home Rule

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for Scotland to the list of the ledger, and consider, whether with all its other advantages which the writer thinks would accrue from its coming into force, there would not accompany it increasing industrial prosperity to those whose interests are primarily immersed in business.


J. M. HOGGE.



The Present Position and Prospects of Scottish Agriculture.

*"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."*

—GOLDSMITH.

T the present time, the Land Question, regarding it in its broadest and widest sense, is a matter of the first importance to us all. Never, probably, was there a time more seasonable than the present for discussing the various merits and demerits of our national system of agriculture. A war of unprecedented magnitude is presently confronting us, and many grave problems which hitherto have been callously ignored, or foolishly cold-shouldered, must now be unhesitatingly and conscientiously faced. For a great number of years past our industrial interests were considered to be so overwhelmingly important that they were suffered completely to eclipse everything connected with agriculture, the inevitable result being that while we have advanced, so far as the interests of the former are concerned, we have remained stationary or even gone back in regard to the latter.

At the outbreak of the present war, when many people feared that our food supplies were in danger of being cut off, there was a general outcry for increased production in respect of the fruits of the soil. It was

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frequently hinted that in general our farmers were growing far less than their maximum crops. The Board of Agriculture's returns showed that less and less land was being put down under crops, and on the other hand these figures failed to show any marked improvement in the crop yields per acre. Were it not for the fact that provision had been made for safeguarding our food supplies from abroad, our position were perilous indeed. But, in spite of these precautions, it is high time for all serious-minded people to ask themselves the question, "Are we producing all that can be got out of the land ? "

Even more important than this matter is the whole question of rural depopulation. It is highly important that every country should have a strong, vigorous and abundant agrarian population fixed to the soil. A nation may be rich, so far as actual wealth is concerned, but so long as its riches are badly distributed, and so long as the urban population increases at the expense of the rural, so long will the position of that nation be unhealthy and insecure. It may perhaps be Utopian to suggest that the growth of the former should be in direct, and not in inverse, proportion to that of the latter. Nevertheless, it is essential to a State that its lands should support a large and a prosperous rural community ; for a flourishing agricultural population is the natural and the best " feeder " of the army, as well as the only sound means of supplying the industrial interests with that " fresh blood," without which they can hardly prosper. Reared in circumstances which involve neither downright poverty nor actual riches, and taught by necessity to cultivate physical strength and temperate habits, the countryman is everywhere

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an asset of enormous value to the State. Yet, although knowledge of these facts is widespread, we know only too well that for long there has been a dangerous leakage in the agricultural population of the country. The flower and pride of our rural manhood have been enticed, or driven, away. The small farmer has been absorbed by the larger. What were once happy homes are in many cases now forlorn ruins; and places where children used to play are now become resorts for game or the beasts of the fields. Less and less labour is being employed on the land. There is everywhere a growing spirit of unrest amongst the agricultural labourers. Their occupation no longer appeals to them as it used to do. They have lost interest and pride in it, and they seem to yearn for something which, though difficult to define or to reduce to a single object, leaves them generally discontented with their lot. What, then, can be the cause of so much dissatisfaction? Is it not this, namely, that our present system and methods of agriculture do not offer sufficient inducement, financial or otherwise, to our young people to remain on the land?

Throughout Scotland we find enormous differences in the methods and quality of farming. It is a far cry from the Butt of Lewis in the north-west to Berwick in the south-east, and between these two points we see many variations in respect of the quality of our agriculture and the conditions under which it is practised. In the Outer Hebrides, the methods adopted in the cultivation of the land may justly be described as primitive. In the Lothians, on the other hand, agriculture is carried on in a most skilful and most up-to-

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date manner. All over the Highlands, and particularly on the West Coast and in the Islands, arable cultivation is pursued under great difficulties. What with the poverty of the soil and the rainy, sunless, and frequently cold climate, there is generally little inducement to till the ground, and only such crops as potatoes and oats which go to feed the people employed on the land, are raised. In these districts, pastoral farming alone is successful, the great industry, so far as agriculture is concerned, being stock rearing. Along the coasts of the Moray Firth, and particularly in the north-eastern counties, there are considerable stretches of arable land, but here almost everything is subservient to the rearing and feeding of cattle and sheep. Crops are grown for the purpose of producing stock, instead of stock being kept for producing crops. Aberdeenshire, for instance, is noted for the number and the quality of the live stock it rears. This county is the far-famed home of the Aberdeen Angus cattle, and may justly be described as the Mecca of the Shorthorn Breed. Aberdeenshire far outdistances any other Scottish county in respect of the number of cattle it breeds, and the acreage of oats and turnips required to support them. In the Midlands, the rearing of cattle is practised to a much smaller extent. The growing of such crops as wheat, barley and potatoes is more extensively practised, while the feeding of cattle has become a highly organised industry. In this area, the observer may see many farms where it would be really difficult to suggest improvement along such particular lines as the farmer has specialised in. In the Western and South-Western counties dairying, including the production of whole

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milk and the manufacture of cheese, is the capital industry, Ayrshire being famed not only for the excellent breed of dairy cow which that county has produced, but also for the high-class of its products and for the enterprising methods employed on many of its dairy farms. To illustrate the skill and "push" of the Ayrshire farmer, I may mention that colonies of men from that county have practically regenerated English agriculture on the stiff soils of Essex, where they have now been settled for some time.

Altogether, it will be gathered from these few particulars that, so far as her agriculture is concerned, Scotland has not a little to be proud of. The fine farms of Easter Ross, Morayshire, Fife, Forfar, and the Lothians are so many eloquent tributes to our national agricultural worth and work. Our stocks are the wonder and admiration of shoals of visitors from other lands, and, in their particular provinces, are second to none. Nevertheless, candour obliges us to acknowledge that in many ways our agricultural condition offers much of which we should be ashamed. It is not by displaying strong points, and dwelling upon exceptional cases and merits, that we can arrive at any true estimate of any given state of affairs. It is rather by examining minutely the various systems to be found in the different parts of the country, and by contrasting and comparing these with those prevalent in other localities that we may hope to arrive at some true estimate of our strength and our weakness, and so be in a situation to indicate wherein we have succeeded and where we have failed.

I have already remarked that this industry of stock breeding and feeding has been zealously pursued ; but

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on consideration this assertion admits of some necessary qualification. Many Scottish farmers are adepts at this branch of agriculture, because they have made it their particular study. Nevertheless, in many cases breeding is carried on in a very haphazard fashion. Particularly is this the case in the Western Highlands ; and even in the eastern counties there is much room for improvement. As an instance of the great variations in the methods of management prevalent in even neighbouring parts of the country, I may instance the case of the Badenoch and Lochaber districts of Inverness-shire. In the former, it is not uncommon for a farmer to realize an average of £12 per head for his crop of weaned calves ; in the latter, £5 to £6 may be considered as a good average price. Why should there be this great discrepancy between realised prices, and why too should the same discrepancy occur not only between two contiguous districts but among individual and neighbouring farmers ?

In the growing of crops, too, a similar disparity is everywhere visible. We boast of the fine farming of the Lothians, but farming in that county has been carried to so high a state of perfection that a bad farmer would soon be reduced to bankruptcy, which is the real reason why only the super-farmer can survive. But, in other districts of the country, the bad farmer is to be seen everywhere. The number of farms which meantime fail to produce maximum yields is extremely large, and seldom do we find temporary or permanent pastures as well managed as they might and should be. Instead of farmers growing the best grasses, they frequently sow their ground with such mixtures of seeds

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that not only is a half crop the result, but the ground becomes infested with weeds. Moreover, here and there we come across examples of one farmer who grows crops of which any agriculturist might be proud, while his neighbour's over the fence are so poor that they disgrace a whole countryside. In many cases, too, we see headlands and fence sides being left unploughed and uncultivated, stunted crops, and sickly looking and miserable produce. It should be added, too, that in many parts of the country the whole question of artificial manures is far from being properly understood, and glaring mistakes of various kinds are continually being made. Again, in many districts the methods by which a farmer conducts his business are so slipshod and crude that if he were engaged in any other trade he would soon find himself in the bankruptcy court. Until within the last four or five years, almost every second farmer was faced with chronic financial difficulties. Even now many of the auction marts and manure merchants by encouraging the bad system of long credits hold farmers fast in their clutches ; and I may say that the more one studies these mistakes and abuses the more is the unsatisfactory manner in which our present-day methods of farming are being carried out brought home to one. Poor crops, bad stock, bad business habits and usages, all mean diminished incomes and diminished profits. Truly, our present-day methods are sadly in need of alteration. In too many cases they are old and obsolete, and fit only for the reformer's broom.

Dairying, including the production of whole milk and cheese making, and the growing of such crops as potatoes, are generally speaking, carried out in a more

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satisfactory manner. Usually these are fairly remunerative branches of agriculture, and consequently farmers strive to attain the highest production at the lowest possible cost. And yet when one comes to examine the financial aspect of these industries, one is struck by the fact that the farmer receives only about a half of the actual sale price of his finished article. "Why," one might ask, "why and whence this enormous leakage?"

So much, then, for the productive side of the question. We have seen that although much is satisfactory in this direction, yet not a little is in need of improvement. Let us now consider the labour aspect of the subject and see whether the bad farming is due to inherent laziness on the part of the people. Visitors to Scotland cannot but fail to be struck by the zeal and industry with which, as a rule, agriculture is carried on in our country. In most districts masters and servants have long hours of strenuous toil, and in few parts of the world is agricultural labour so equally distributed throughout the various seasons. The winter hours are in most cases almost as long as the summer ones. Even the casual observer will be apt to wonder if the rewards for this long and arduous work are in proportion to the toil involved, though everyone, I suppose, is more or less aware that unremitting industry is the bedrock on which true success in agriculture reposes. But as to the root-cause of the leakage in rural population—a subject to which I alluded above—I have no hesitation in ascribing it to the fact that the work is neither sufficiently enticing, nor the rewards sufficiently liberal, to induce the flower of our manhood and womanhood to remain on the land.

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If, then, our agriculture, on being placed on the scales, is found wanting as a whole, why is this the case? We cannot justly ascribe what is amiss to the indolence of the people, and we cannot altogether explain away general inefficiency by calling attention to mismanagement in particular branches, such as dairying, stock rearing, and grain growing, etc. Personally, I am inclined to think that our methods have been largely misdirected, which is the real cause of the trouble. Grain growing and cattle rearing, two of our greatest industries at present, require for their success cheap and abundant land. The farmer in Canada and the Argentine can produce corn at much less per bushel than the Scottish farmer can do. So, also, with the cattle industry. The steers roaming in the western prairies of Texas and South America are reared at a fraction of what it costs to rear our home bred. Obviously, mutton can be much more cheaply produced in Australia than it can be bred at home. Can we wonder, then, that our agriculture is in many ways in an unsatisfactory state, seeing that in two of its most important branches it is subjected to the keenest competition on the part of overseas producers? Before the seventies, cheap grain and cheap cattle were unheard of. Those were the palmy days for farmers, and our agriculture flourished wonderfully. But with the passing of those exceptional times it has decayed, simply because the Scottish farmer has not changed his methods, but has obstinately striven to produce what can be more cheaply produced abroad.

Is it possible, however, for the Scottish farmer to change his methods so as to produce only those commodities which are best suited to his soil, climate, and

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market facilities? So far as soil and climate are concerned Scotland is well suited to produce horn and corn, but rent has to be faced, cattle require to be housed, and the fertility of the soil must be maintained—all of which conditions are not exacted in overseas dominions. The question therefore arises, are horn and corn the only outlets for our energies and labours? Surely it would be possible to find ways and means of producing other commodities—such, that is to say, as require but a small amount of land, but give profitable employment to many. If such commodities could be produced so as to leave a considerable margin for profit so much the better, for in that event rural depopulation would be checked. Let us see, therefore, how other countries have met that depression in agriculture which we ourselves have experienced, but have as yet done little to surmount.

Denmark has frequently been cited as an example of a country which of late has enjoyed great agricultural prosperity. Previous to the seventies this kingdom, like Scotland, was a grain growing and cattle rearing country. She, also, was hard hit by the fall in prices consequent on overseas competition. Instead, however, of lapsing into a state of indifference and apathy, these energetic and resourceful Danish farmers bestirred themselves, going all possible lengths to find out new ways and means to regain the ground that had been lost and to retain the rural population on the soil. Since grain growing was found to be unprofitable, grain growing gradually gave way to dairying, and more and more attention was devoted to pig and poultry keeping. Agricultural co-operative societies sprung up everywhere, and the Danes, realising that their prosperity

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depended much on the state of their agriculture, spared no effort to divert that industry into profitable channels. What is the use, they said, of our attempting to grow grain when we know that to do so we have to compete with farmers who enjoy an unlimited amount of cheap land? On the other hand, there are unlimited opportunities if we take up dairying, pig, and poultry keeping. The large towns of Great Britain will prove an excellent market for our produce. If we adopt co-operation, we can probably market our produce cheaper than the Scottish or English farmer with his individual and disjunctive methods can hope to do. These new industries will employ even more people on the land than the old methods, and if we pay our servants well, they will then have every inducement to stay on the land. As a result of putting these ideas into practice Denmark's agriculture is now in a thoroughly prosperous condition. Her commodities have captured our market. Their quality has been so standardised, and the actual marketing accomplished in so excellent a manner that not only do they manage to obtain the highest prices, but the producers secure the full benefits of the trade.

Contrast now this state of affairs with what prevails in the agricultural Scotland of to-day. Our methods have changed little since the seventies. The Scottish farmer, brought up with the idea that he was the best in the world, has become hardened in his conceit, and unfortunately sticks to his father's out-worn methods. Dairying in many parts of the country is still an industry in its infancy. Farm butter is so unequal in quality and so uncertain a quantity that it has actually been driven from the market! No attempt whatever

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has been made, as was done in Denmark, towards developing the whole milk industry. Milk, relatively speaking, is a much cheaper food than beef, and not only has the Danish farmer educated the townsman to this fact, and induced him to act on it by drinking more, but he manages also to market his milk more cheaply and yet secure larger profits than can the Scottish dairy farmer. Poultry keeping in Denmark, too, has been pursued along thoroughly up-to-date lines. Instead of being kept in a slovenly, primitive, and aimless sort of fashion, as they are in this country, fowls are bred in Denmark with a view to increasing the farmer's revenue. Throughout the most of Scotland, on the other hand, the poultry industry is misunderstood and badly managed; and what with indifferent business methods, ill-management and a bad system of marketing, it may safely be said that our poultry industry is in a very backward and disorganised state. As an instance of what can and well might be done in this direction, I may mention that in Orkney, where the poultry industry receives considerable attention, the annual revenue brought in by egg co-operative societies exceeds the total rental of the island, exclusive of the town of Kirkwall. With us, too, pig keeping, bee keeping, vegetable and fruit growing are much neglected, and yet these are industries which, enjoying particular natural advantages in Scotland, might easily be improved so as to render them very profitable undertakings. Bee keeping, for instance, ought to form a separate branch of every smallholder's business in the Highlands. Little expense is entailed by the upkeep of an apiary, and all over the mountainous districts there are unique opportunities for the

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cultivation of this remunerative industry. Indeed, the more one studies these aspects of the matter the more does one realise the potential wealth and variety of the opportunities that are being everywhere allowed to lie fallow. At present, the less profitable branches of farming monopolise attention. The branches from which good profits might be realised are scandalously neglected.

What is the reason, then, that Scottish agriculture has failed in these two essential points? Is not the answer to that question the following, that our crops yields are not on an average as good as they might be, and secondly that our energies are misdirected into wrong and unprofitable channels. I mentioned Denmark as an example of a country which has altered its methods and worked out its own agricultural salvation, but there are other countries that might be cited as examples of what we ourselves could do in the direction of improving crop yields.

Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and all the Rhine country produce larger crop yields than Scotland does. The Swiss farmer keeps about twice as many cattle as a Scotsman does on the same amount of land. Since 1870 Germany's population has almost increased by half, but her crop yields have grown practically in exact proportion. In all these countries agricultural education has been zealously and intelligently pursued for many years past, and surely if anything can explain success on their part, and failure on ours, it is that our methods of education have for long been running on wrong lines, and are altogether grievously unsatisfactory.

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By agricultural education, however, I do not mean merely technical education at an agricultural school or college—however necessary that may be—but a broad general education adapted to those engaged in rural pursuits. Such an education should be carried out with a view to broadening the pupil's mind ; to teach him to think for himself ; to consider things strictly on their own merits ; to grasp and improve such opportunities as may come in his way ; and finally to draw out such talent as he has with a view to putting him in a position to do the best he can for himself. A youth who has received a good general education of this kind not only stands to benefit himself, but is a cause of improvement in others.

Denmark was fortunate in having a great leader, who at the critical time rose up and laid the foundation stone of an excellent system of agricultural education. This leader founded the people's high schools. The pupils were taught on lines which were not too strictly academical, considerable attention being paid to the study of the laws of nature and their practical application to agriculture. General culture, patriotism, and a sound mental and moral training sharpened the pupils' wits, broadened their views, and generally enabled them to become good citizens. Further, the pupils were taken at the most susceptible age ; and we see the excellent results of the training they received, not only in respect of the individual himself, but as regards the resulting benefit to the State itself, every unit, properly trained, being an actual or potential apostle of advance on the lines which thrift, experience, and science have commended. Can we wonder, then, that success crowned

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the patriotic efforts of the Danes? The best and most profitable methods of farming were eagerly sought out and embraced by that intelligent and industrious people. The advantages of co-operation were zealously inculcated and everywhere realised. Far from being slaves to custom, as are too many of our own folk, the Danish farmers united to revolutionize their old-time methods, and eagerly adopted newer and better ways of practising the science of agriculture. Abounding enterprise is apparent on all sides, and this state of affairs is not merely confined to Denmark, but is apparent in all those countries which have gone about to set their agricultural house in order on the basis of a sound general education, plus the best technical instruction.

On the other hand, our Scottish education has failed for several reasons. The training the pupils receive is first of all too academical, our educational system being better fitted to train a boy to be a clerk or a shop-hand, than it is constructed so as to enable him to get his living out of the land. More important, however, is the fact that little or no attempt is made to influence the pupil at the most susceptible stage of his or her life. The period from 14 to 18 years is one in which much valuable formative work may be accomplished, or a vast deal of lasting mischief done. At these highly impressionable periods of a youth's life slack and slovenly habits may be acquired, and nothing is more detrimental to the successful prosecution of agriculture than these bad qualities and their like. Culture and refinement may appear to some to be unnecessary attainments so far as people who mean to make a living out of the land are concerned, but in reality they are highly important

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factors, and of the utmost use in promoting success in agriculture. Just as the old black houses in the Western Highlands and Islands are inevitably associated with bad farming, and the newer houses, on the other hand, mark the tide of advance, so thriftlessness, carelessness in personal habits, inattention to cleanliness, and so forth, are always reflected by slack methods in farming, whilst the opposite qualities are no less symptomatic of all that is good in husbandry, and tend to promote a wholesome pride in and a generous zeal for advancement. The bugbear of the "drudgery" of an agricultural life can only be dispelled, and the tide of rural depopulation can only be reduced to normal proportions by means of educating the people attached to the soil. A proper pride in the every-day duties of life has an elevating and sharpening effect on the mind, but this can only be secured by means of careful and systematic instruction. An educational system, therefore, that would lead to the adoption of more profitable methods as regards the practice of agriculture, that would increase its rewards, and which would train up our young people in orderly and methodical habits would assuredly do for Scotland what it has already achieved for Germany, Denmark, and other progressive countries.

So much, then, for agricultural education. I do not propose here to discuss the many other side issues in connection with the land question, though much might be said, no doubt, touching the relative merits of security of tenure and ownership. Afforestation, too, is bound to have a great and growing influence on Scottish agriculture, especially in the Highland districts ; but

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these and other interesting questions may meantime be left to others to discuss.

As regards the future of Scottish agriculture, everything now points to the advent of better times for the farmer. Probably never again will overseas competition reduce the prices of all farm commodities to the low level they reached in years gone by. On the other hand, there is every indication that prices will continue to rise in the immediate future, and that in consequence farmers will benefit in proportion to the measure of the increase ; but part of the profit so acquired will doubtless be swallowed up by additional expenditure in regard to feeding stuffs, manures, and labour. The last problem, indeed, is fast becoming a serious one all over Scotland, and the most feasible, if not the only, way of combating it is, it seems to me, to render work on the farm more agreeable and more remunerative. Not merely should the work be made less physically arduous, but working-class education should be largely re-cast. We should strive to render the farm servants intelligent organisms, not mere mechanisms, as they are in too many cases at present. Moreover, we should endeavour to better the conditions under which they live, and to bring more brightness and sweetness into their lives. Too long has work on the farm been associated with ignorance, low wages, poor food, drudgery, and bad housing accommodation. One of the worst features of our present system, so far as regards the farm servant is the restless habits that prevail amongst both the married and the single men, which no doubt is largely due to low wages and insufficient and indifferent housing accommodation. In many cases the farm

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labourers' houses are regarded not in the light of homes, but as mere shelters from the elements. The cottages in which they are lodged too often have an unkempt and uncared-for appearance, and the lack of interest, not merely in regard to their houses but also in regard to their work in general, is strikingly reflected in the unhappy custom which prevails by which these men remove from one farm to another almost every year. We need only to look at such facts as these ; we require but to glance at the poor morality that prevails in many of the rural districts, or point to the growing shiftless and unthrifty habits of both the men and women to come to the conclusion that the present system has been unsuccessful and ought to be reformed.

In regard to the farmers themselves, one can already see that there is among many of them a growing desire to advance. Agricultural Education, which for long was scoffed at and derided, is now being more sympathetically regarded. Old and obsolete methods are being, where scientific knowledge has penetrated, slowly but surely discarded. The farmer of to-day is, on the whole, becoming more and more a product of improved times, and more and more amenable to the discipline imposed by scientific knowledge in regard to his calling. Haphazard, unbusiness-like methods are tending to give place to the contrary qualities. The average farmer is now learning to buy in the cheapest and to sell in the dearest market, which, strange as it may seem, he did not always do. Co-operation is now being preferred to individualism, and societies of the self-help kind are springing up everywhere. The use of artificial manures is yearly becoming better understood, but, in spite

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of all these evident signs of advance and even of better times, the road to progress is still blocked in many places by a dead wall of ignorance, indifference, and obsolete methods. Before, therefore, success can be achieved many formidable obstacles must be removed, and now is the time for the whole nation to set its hand to the plough of agricultural reform. We must realise that in agricultural matters we are still far behind many other countries that are less naturally well endowed than our own, and that if our nation is to be placed in a thoroughly healthy and prosperous condition we cannot afford to remain as we are, but must labour so to improve our agriculture that it shall well and truly serve the ends it can serve and ought to be made to serve, namely, to support in comfort and with profit to themselves those whose lot it is to be brought up on the land, and who, under improved conditions, would certainly refuse all temptations whatever to leave it.

J. A. SYMON.



The 'Fifteen.



THE present year of our Blessed Lord is the two hundredth anniversary of the Jacobite Rising of 1715. The attempt that was made in that year to retrieve the fallen fortunes of the Stewarts has been a good deal eclipsed by the superior interest attaching to the later endeavour of Charles III., or as he is more commonly styled, Prince Charles Edward Stewart—the "Bonnie Prince Charlie" of romance and song. A variety of causes have contributed to this somewhat singular result. The greater length of the campaign of 1745, the frequency of the fighting that took place during its course, the Scottish penetration into England, the brilliant character of the successes that were gained by the Jacobite arms, the engaging character of "The Young Adventurer" himself, the establishment of his Court in the ancient capital of his country, the melancholy and overwhelming nature of the defeat sustained at Culloden, and, lastly, the crowning romance of the royal fugitive's many wanderings, and scarce fewer escapes from capture, among the mountains of the west—these are a few of the causes that have sufficed to invest the affair of 1745 with a measure of popular interest to whose like the earlier Jacobite Rising can advance no claim.

And yet, historically considered, the undertaking

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of the year 1715 presents many points of interest to which that of 1745 can offer no parallel. In the first place, the number of men raised by my predecessor, the Duke of Marr, was greatly in excess of that which rallied to the standard of Charles III., or, as he then was, Prince Charles Edward. The political circumstances of the times, both at home and abroad, were greatly more critical and more highly charged with possibilities of the first importance than they were when the eldest son of James VIII. set out to re-establish the Stewarts on the thrones of these kingdoms. Considered as a whole, public opinion in Scotland was, in 1715, considerably more favourable to the attempt which was then made than it was so at the period selected for the second, or rather the third, Jacobite adventure. The preparations for the first-mentioned rising were planned upon a more extensive scale, and conducted with much greater vigour, thoroughness, and address than were the preliminaries through which the Prince's attempt passed. The necessity of procuring foreign support and succour in order to conduct to a successful issue any armed endeavour such as the Jacobites were resolved to undertake, though doubtless it was not less a nominal article of their political schemes in 1745 than it was a grand feature of their measures in 1715, yet owing to the youthful precipitancy of Prince Charles was not regarded as much on the former occasion as it was soon on the latter. We read that when the heir of the Stewarts landed at Eriskay in 1745, he had the utmost difficulty in persuading the local gentlemen to join his colours, so small was the preparation that had been made for his coming, and so greatly had the Jacobite senti-

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ment declined since the opening years of the eighteenth century. On the other hand, when the royal standard was erected in the Braes of Marr, the greatest part of the nobility and gentry of Scotland were either openly engaged in promoting the cause of the exiled king, or were secretly committed to support his interest as soon as occasion for their services should arise. In fine, on this latter occasion the extent of the preparations, the temper of the Scottish nation at that time, the critical posture of politics at home and abroad, conjoined with the number and quality of the persons engaged in the attempt, render the Jacobite Rising of 1715 an event of far greater potential, if not actual, significance and importance than was the lesser, but undoubtedly considerably more romantic and successful, achievement of Prince Charles.

In his *Legacy to Scotland*, which was published some years ago by the Scottish History Society, the Duke of Marr states that he "kept a journal of the most material things that passed where I was present" from the setting up of the standard in September, 1715, to "the King's landing at Gravelin from Scotland." "I wrote it (says the Duke) every night before I went to bed, keeping some sheets of paper always in my pocket on purpose, but only in short notes for refreshing my memory, when I should come to write the journal full as it ought to be. The miscarriage of that affair, which once had so good an appearance for restoring our King and relieving our country, has made the thinking of those things ever since disagreeable to me, so that I have never been able to bring myself to enlarge that journal."

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The sentiments, as the language, of failure are wont to be cast in a melancholy mould. Marr's repugnance to "writing up" the incidents of the 'Fifteen, though understandable enough, was nevertheless the cause of a serious loss to historical literature, since a full, true, and particular account of that affair which at one time "had so good an appearance for restoring our King and relieving our country" would, as coming from the Jacobite leader himself, have been a compilation of the greatest interest. Doubtless, if Marr could have brought himself to undertake that work which the miscarriage of his endeavour rendered so distasteful to him, he would have treated at length therein of the causes which led to the failure of the Rising, as well as have afforded us many interesting particulars touching the beginnings and the conduct of the brief and ill-starred campaign with which his name is so prominently associated. But even though we do not possess this information, so far as the Commander-in-Chief of the Jacobite army himself is concerned, and are at present, and seem destined to remain, without exact knowledge respecting many of the events that took place at home and abroad during that troublous period, yet are the capital causes of the failure of the Rising of 1715 easy to discern among the number of the minor circumstances which undoubtedly contributed to the same melancholy result.

In the first place, there is the appointment of Marr himself as Commander-in-Chief of the Jacobite Army. The Duke was a man of considerable parts, but his genius had been formed in a political, not a military school. He had never received the training of a

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soldier, and, though personally brave, was by no means a proper figure to place at the head of a purely military undertaking. That he himself was perfectly sensible of his slender qualifications in this respect appears plain from his reference to a certain Colonel Clepham, a gentleman who, at Marr's solicitation, "generously left the service of the present (Hanoverian) Government, where he might have been very easy, and came to me in Scotland, where I was in great want of those who understand, as he does, the business of a soldier." But it is Marr's conduct at the battle of Sherriffmoor which, more perhaps than any other incident that characterised the military conduct of the campaign, discovers his insufficiency as a General. Writing in his *Legacy* touching the same Colonel Clepham, Marr remarks, "He did very good service, and it was a misfortune to our affairs that some times for humouring of some for whom I was obliged to have regard, I could not follow his advice, and particularly at Sheriffmoor." What happened at that indecisive action? The right wing of the Jacobite army, commanded by Marr himself, entirely destroyed the left of the Hanoverian forces, the left wing of the former being defeated by the right of the latter—circumstances which subsequently gave rise to the humorous verses of which the refrain is (I write from memory) as follows:—

"And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa', man."

The advantage gained by the right wing of the Jacobite army was, however, much more considerable

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than was the disaster that happened to its left ; and it was clearly the General's business to follow up that brilliant success by immediately attacking the enemy's right, which Marr was in a condition to do. Unfortunately, however, " for humouring of some for whom I was obliged to have regard " this was not done, and so the General lost an opportunity which, had he vigorously pursued it, there can be little doubt would have effectually crushed the Hanoverian resistance in Scotland, and have paved the way for the subsequent expulsion of the German from the thrones. Marr's inaction and failure to improve his advantage at Sherrifmoor have been thought by many to have been due to treachery in the Jacobite ranks ; but, in view of that Commander's own confession, the true cause would appear to have been the characteristically political excuse that for humouring of some for whom, as General, he should have had no regard whatever, his one golden opportunity of the whole campaign was irretrievably lost. A Commander who, at some critical stage of an engagement, seeks to accommodate a sudden difficulty by resorting to the refining and balancing methods of the politician, is clearly not fitted to be entrusted with the command of an army in the field, however otherwise respectable his talents may be.

The first principal disability under which the Jacobite cause lay in 1715 was, then, the ill-advised selection of Marr as Commander-in-Chief of the royalist and national army. To do the Duke common justice, however, it should be stated that this was an honour which my predecessor neither originally aspired to

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nor, conscious of his slender military qualifications, coveted. It was always hoped by the Jacobites of those times that the famous Duke of Berwick—the chastiser of the English at Almansa—would take command of any rising that might be made on behalf of the exiled King and the national cause. Berwick himself eagerly desired that distinction ; but, being a man of the nicest honour, he, unfortunately for Scotland, could not see his way clear to assuming the command at that particular conjuncture when, a rising having been determined on, he was being more than commonly pressed openly to espouse the cause of his half-brother, the King. The circumstances under which Berwick felt himself compelled to refuse the command which James and his ministers were, with rare persistence, urging him to undertake, are clearly set forth in the following letter, which, addressed to the Duke of Marr, has been preserved among the *Stuart Papers* at Windsor Castle.

“ I find by your letter of 1 Jan. that the King is in great want of speedy succour from abroad, without which it will be difficult, if not impossible, to maintain the cause ; I can assure your Grace that, whenever it has come in my way, or that I have found an opportunity, I have done my part, and I can also answer for the Earle of Bolingbroke, who, to my certain knowledge, has left no stone unturn'd to compass all the King or your Grace could wish for ; if he succeeds not, 'tis a misfortune but none of his fault.

There was also in your Grace's letter another point concerning myself, in which I find you have been misinformed : I know not what those who have been heare backward and forwards may have imagin'd or say'd, but this I can averr, that I never promised to follow the King anywhere without the proviso of the French Court's giving me leave. The King may very well remember, that three yeares agoe of my own accord, I made him the offer of my

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services under the abovesaid proviso. His Majesty thought it then so reasonable that he thanked me for it and writt to the French Court to obtaine the leave. It was then granted ; but after Queen Ann's death the late King of France thought it necessary to avoid any occasion of quarrel with the new Gouvernement of England, and therefore not only recall'd his leave, but even forbid me positively from stirring ; I did all that lay in my power to obtain the recall of that prohibition, but in vain, as I can prove by an original letter under M. de Torcy's hand dated of the 19th June last. Since the King of France's death I have used all my endeavours with the Regent, but to as little purpose.

This being my present case, all I can say is, that I am still ready to part, whenever the Regent will allow me, but 'tis neither consisting with my honour, my duty, my oaths, nor even with the King's interest or reputation, that I should desert like a trooper ; it was with his Majesty's leave that I became a Frenchman, and I cannot depart from the vast obligations I now have incumbent upon me, without breach of publick faith and gratitude. Your Grace is to much a man of honour not to approve of this my conduct and resolution. If ever proper occasions offerr, you shall find me as zealous as any man to render the King service, and of giving your Grace real proofs of the great value and esteem I have for your person."

As late as the month of October—some few weeks, that is to say, after the actual setting up of the standard at the Castletown of Braemarr—James had hoped to prevail on Berwick to accept of the principal command of his forces in Scotland, as appears by the following command which the King sent to his kinsmen from Bar-le-Duc on October 13, 1715. The document is addressed to the Duke of Berwick, "Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of all our forces by sea and land in our ancient Kingdom of Scotland."

"Our will and pleasure is that immediately upon receipt of this order you will repair in the most private and speedy manner

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you can to our ancient Kingdom of Scotland, and there take upon you the command given you by virtue of our commission of this date. So not doubting of your ready compliance herein we bid you heartily farewell."

It would appear, however, that the King and his advisers had for some time entertained doubts touching their ability to prevail on Berwick to accept of the command; and, as time and affairs were equally pressing—Marr having retired from London at the express command of the King as early as the beginning of the month of August—it became necessary, under these circumstances, to provide for Berwick's refusal to act in that capacity which it was so earnestly desired that he should assume. An alternative commission was accordingly drawn up at the Jacobite Court, and despatched to Scotland, in accordance with an earlier suggestion made by Marr, who, in the month of July had written to one of James's servants saying that failing Berwick's going to Scotland to assume command of the army "a Commission of Generalissimo" should be prepared in favour of the Duke of Atholl, and that "for material reasons the Commission should be clogged with a proviso that he act and give Commissions, and do everything else, by the advice and consent of the Earls of Marr and Marishall, or any other two persons of quality and authority that his Majesty shall think proper." Owing doubtless, however, to the negotiations with Berwick, whose active assistance James would appear not to have despaired of engaging until he was on the point of setting sail from France to Scotland, neither this Commission, nor a later one which was substituted for

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it, had reached Marr's hands by the time that the Standard was set up. Towards the end of October, however, the King, writing to Bolingbroke from Commercy, expresses himself in the following manner, " Lord Marr's behaviour on this present occasion is such that I thought I could not too soon give him marks of my favour, so that I have made a new draught of the Commission be drawn, in which I give him the title of Duke, and leave out the restricting him to act by the advice of others, for 'tis but reasonable he should have the honour of ending alone what he has so successfully begun." Thus, the King's undoing—however kindly intentioned was the motive which inspired his decision to make Marr Commander-in-Chief—was really the work of his own hand, for in appointing a politician to the principal command of his forces he unwittingly dealt his cause a blow from the ill effects of which the Duke's undoubted address in the Cabinet and the Council Chamber was utterly powerless to rescue it. The misfortune that persistently dogged the footsteps of the Stewarts was never made more manifest than it was rendered so on this occasion, when, but for the scruples of Berwick, a General would have landed in Scotland, who, with the generous and enthusiastic assistance of the clans of the country, should easily have restored our native princes to their own.

A second grand disability under which the Jacobite cause laboured in 1715 consisted in the character of the King himself. It is worth while here quoting the Duke's own opinion as to that unfortunate prince. " It is with grief of heart (he says in his *Legacy*) I find

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myself now obliged to mention here the King ; but being but to you alone, my concern for my country in general, and you in particular, in a manner forces me. I heartily forgive all the unjust and unmerited treatment I have met with from him, and wish God may not lay it to his charge. Most of those who served him before me having met with much the same measure, I have the less cause to complain. With all the respect to the regard due to him, I may say that he has been an unlucky man from his cradle, and is now (1726) following such courses that he is likely to be yet more unfortunate than ever providence seemed to design he should. . . . Some of his predecessors had the misfortune to be led away by worthless favourites as he is, though none of them—not even King James III. of Scotland—to such a degree. There was some remedy always with them for that at home, but there is like to be none for it with him abroad, where he is blind to all that can be said to him by anybody but those who are to be complained of. God help him, and honest men who have their dependence on him.”

It may perhaps be objected that this is a character drawn by one who, however good and numerous were the opportunities which he enjoyed of forming an estimate, yet was biassed in his judgment by reason of the fact that he had himself quarrelled with the man to whom his strictures refer. Unfortunately, however, for the reputation of this prince, the unfavourable estimate which Marr formed of his character coincides with many others, which, emanating from sources against which no such charge can reasonably be brought, conspire to substantiate the truth of this particular

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delineation. No doubt, the King's sordid quarrel with his wife, as his undoubted partiality for "worthless favourites" should be considered in part, if not wholly, as due to the decline which his character sustained in consequence of the constant misfortune to which he was subjected. We should remember that it is only exceptional characters that can successfully, and, as it were, indefinitely, withstand the corroding action of constant and unrelieved ill-fortune. If James had been permitted to enjoy his own, the probability is that he would have played a respectable, if not a brilliant, part as *de facto* (as well as *de jure*) sovereign of these realms. He had many undoubted good qualities of heart and head; but, unfortunately for his reputation with posterity, such virtues and talents as he possessed, requiring as they do the sun of prosperity to draw them forth and to induce them to flower, are apt to languish and die in the chill shades of adversity. But these ill qualities of the King, as those which characterised his son and heir, did not in both cases discover themselves until the period of youth was overpast. In both cases it was maturer years, conjoined with successive bitter disappointments and constant misfortune, that caused them to come forth. And certainly, so far as the 'Fifteen is concerned, there is more point in Marr's observation that the King had been from his cradle an unlucky man than there is in those other criticisms of his, the occasions and the causes of which did not manifest themselves until some years later. In fine, James would appear to have been born unlucky. His very birth was subjected to the cruellest aspersions, and the most

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unreasonable, but damaging, suspicions. His father fled to the Continent but a short time after he was born; and in the person of this unfortunate prince there would appear to have been concentrated all the venom of that misfortune which has conspired to raise the family of Stewart to so unenviable and melancholy a prominence in the chequered history of the royal houses of Europe.

The death of that warm and firm friend to the Jacobite cause, the old King of France, and the accession to power of a regent from whose inclinations, or from whose circumstances, little in the way of practical assistance could reasonably be expected, were not the least of the many grievous disappointments which James was called on to endure, from the time of the inception of the Rising of 1715 down to the period of its inglorious and precipitate end. Even the circumstances attending the King's passage to the coast, in order to take ship for Scotland, were such as might well have filled a superstitious mind with gloomy forebodings and dismal premonitions touching the immediate and ultimate success of the enterprise on which he was engaged. Stair's spies and creatures swarmed everywhere. Sinister and circumstantial rumours of a designed assassination were rife. Up to the very last moment the question of the King's landing-place in Scotland was subject to all those changes and fluctuations that would appear to have been inseparable from Jacobite policy and politics. The King got indisposed at the very time when he had the most need of the full enjoyment of his health. Ships that should have been at certain appointed places

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failed to keep their tryst, or were stopped by orders of the French regent. The winds proved obstinately contrary; and when at last James did succeed in getting a vessel to carry him to Scotland, he sailed, not with the men and arms and money which his Scottish supporters had long declared to be indispensably necessary to the attempt, but with only a few attendants, little money, and his own clouded fortunes.

But even so, had King James possessed but a moiety of the vigour and enterprise that characterised Prince Charles Edward on the occasion of the 'Forty-five, he would have struck some spirit into the measures and the conduct of his still numerous supporters. He seems, however, to have arrived at Peterhead in a fit of depression, to have preserved that humour throughout his brief sojourn at Scone, and to have departed in it, when he took ship from Montrose after the failure of the Rising. The letters which the King wrote to various foreign powers announcing his safe arrival in Scotland, breathe a melancholy spirit of unrelieved depression. All his affairs were palpably miscarrying. The usurper and his forces were fast gathering head. The most frightful storms and the most piercing cold added to his discomforts, increased his apprehension, and delayed and complicated such feeble measures as he took in order to advertise his coming and to recruit and victual his dwindling army. A venal rascal—the Master of Sinclair—has left us in his *Memoirs* a melancholy picture of the King, as he appeared to at least some of his supporters then rendezvoused in the army at the camp of Perth. He seemed to dislike to come amongst us and to see us

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exercising our arms, says the Master, whose courage, by the way, had not escaped reflexion in consequence of the part which he took in the battle of Sherriffmoor. His conduct and bearing are described as lifeless, and his visage dejected. With the assistance of half the number of men that the King found assembled at Perth, his brilliant and daring son had assuredly rattled the dice to some astonishing, and perhaps enduring, effect. But, for a man of his temperament, and one so dependent on success in order to raise him out of that dejection and lethargy into which misfortune always hurried him, the arrival of James had been timed too late. "Lovers of our country (says Marr in his *Legacy*) ought ever to have this (a Restoration) in view in their own mind, but not to let zeal to make them go rashly about it—a reasonable caution and waiting a fit opportunity is absolutely necessary. Such it was, I judged, when I went about that work (the Rising of 1715) by the King's orders, and had his Majesty come in time, and those of England answered their engagements—both which was so reasonable to be expected that I could not doubt of it—the success would have shewn I was not mistaken."

The vulgar politicians and historians are prone to deliver us lengthy homilies on the blessings which have accrued to us, and the ills we have escaped, through the channel of the triumph of the Hanoverian, and the defeat of the Jacobite, cause. Save, however, the mercenary, the prejudiced, and the ignorant, this shallow philosophy of success is calculated to appeal to, and to deceive, no one. It seems to be assumed by many that had not the "happy and glorious Re-

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volution " of 1689, and its dynastic consequences taken place the whole of the universe would incontinently have stood still. Europe, judging by the party extravagances of these insular sophists, would now be plunged in absolute darkness. Tyranny would everywhere prevail ; injustice, the Divine Right of Kings, and all its attendant civil disabilities, would now be paralysing the energies of States, and reducing their unfortunate inhabitants to the pitiable condition of Muscovite serfs. Such, it is no exaggeration to say, are some of the ills which Whiggish historians and partizans are accustomed to threaten us with, whenever we may feel moved to deplore the passing of the Stewarts, and to repine at the hard fate to which they were subjected. But these are but the ignorant effusions of Hanoverian zeal. The world would not have stood still, even though the Stewarts had enjoyed their own again. The mighty springs and causes of political progress had done the universal work appointed them to do, though the Elector of Hanover had never sat on the Stone of Destiny at Westminster. The temptation to consider universal effects as due, either to the operation of isolated causes, or to concatenations of circumstances in particular localities, is, no doubt, so far as the partizan is concerned, a very lively one ; but the philosopher and the historian will experience no inclination but disdainfully to reject it. Scotland under the restored Stewarts would probably not have been a worse place than is the same country under the Hanoverians. For my part, I make no secret of my opinion that, had fate so willed events, it would be a far better one. For one thing, the incorporating

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Union with England would have been abrogated, however close and amicable our relations with the younger monarchy might otherwise have been made. A nation which loses its independence, or allows itself to be deprived of all the signs and the symbols thereof, is like an individual who suffers himself to be led captive by the ascendancy of another. Under such circumstances, both nation and individual degenerate—not necessarily, indeed, in respect to those things which the world holds superlatively dear (its gear and its goods) but certainly in regard to the finer emotions of the mind, and the preservation and assertion of sentiments favourable to the cultivation of a spirit of independence and a fearless love of liberty and freedom.

MARR.



The Development of Celtic Architecture

And its Revival in Modern Times

PART II.

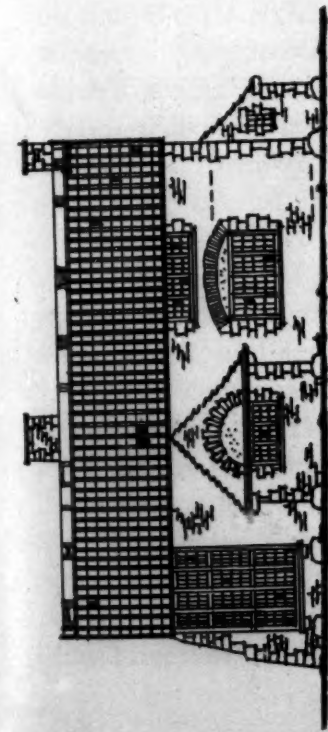
DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.



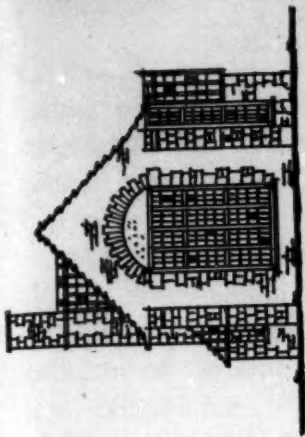
MODERN Architecture shows a strong tendency towards conformity, due to the development of the imitative faculty, and thus leading away from the individual creative and idealistic manner. This faculty of imitation has brought with it wanderings and vagaries in architecture, with a disregard for national character and national conditions.

As Scotsmen, proud of our race, and with a still strongly marked national character, and traditions of which we may also well be proud, may we not consider it a legitimate object of ambition that we should once more work within a national style? Is there not ground for hope that the wanderings of the near past may be abandoned, and common ground be once more felt under our feet, and the individual creative style of our forefathers once again revived and developed?

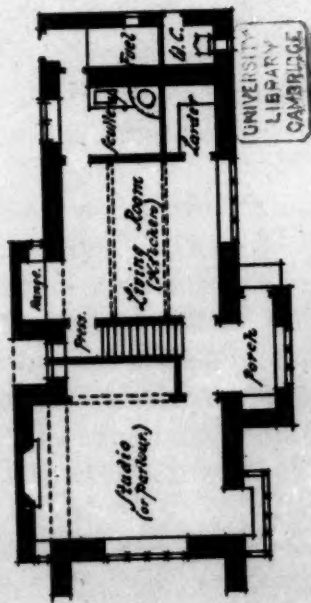
Now, individualism must be of the right kind, *i.e.*, individual interpretation, based upon thorough know-



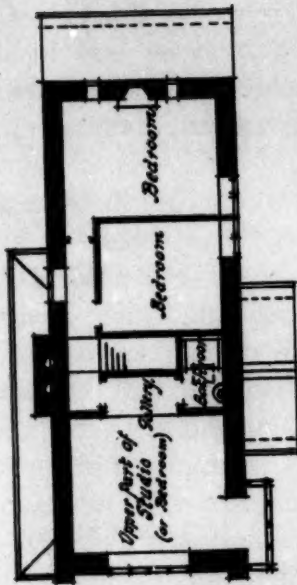
ELEVATION.



END ELEVATION.



GROUND FLOOR PLAN.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

*CHAS. BELL.
Jurat et Oct.*

Celtic Architecture

ledge, confined within bounds of real restraint and appropriate simplicity, and subject to the canons which always have governed building, and must continue to do so.

The purpose of Architecture, as of all the great arts, is the expression or suggestion of moods and ideas. Vitruvius, in his definition of architecture, states it consists of ordination, disposition, eurythm, decor, and distribution. Distribution, he goes on to say, consists in the proper dispensation and application of the materials, and in adapting the building to the convenience of the owner, and to its destination.

Style in architecture when analytically examined is found to have developed by the adaptation and infusion of certain characteristics, treated in an original manner. Architecture, which is original, is that which interests us most.

Originality is the outcome of a logical system of selection and combination, and its excellence depends upon the scope of the selection, and the method of combination.

All the greatest architectural works are distinguished by the originality of their style. They are a development, and not an affectation of something else.

In the continuation and development of a style we must exercise artistic sympathy, and make a careful study of the fundamental principles which underlie it.

In the study of old work the important quality to be cultivated is fitness, that is, the feeling for the appropriate in architecture.

It is to be observed that in all the finest examples of architecture, the qualities we admire are due to the

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proper use of local materials under local conditions. Thus, the stone house built of the very stone of the hill on which it stood, made it difficult to realise where man's work began, and nature's ended. Or the timbered structure was composed of the trees of the forest near which it stood, and in its timbers still lingered some hints of the forms of the branches from which they were hewn.

If there be granite and limestone in a country, the best architecture will come of their use, for they will be found to be in harmony with the Creator's disposition of climate. If there be slate in the quarries, or if there be clay, or if there be straw in the fields, wherever they be found, there they may be fitly used.

In most lands, the natural elements of variety, of colour, and of beauty are to be found generally in the earth around.

As Longfellow has happily put it—

“That is best which lieth nearest,
Shape from that thy work of art.”

No elementals are too elemental for serious consideration, if the beauty of harmony be an object to the artist. Beauty has sound reasons, always and everywhere.

The sincerest expression of national character and aspirations should be sought after, and we must recognise and observe our climatic, geological, and geographical conditions, material and intellectual, if we would obey the law of fitness.

In our admiration for ancient examples, we must guard against mere imitativeness, and recognise the

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practical and essential truths concerning the fitting use of materials, and methods by which appropriateness has been obtained by past builders.

The principle of the lintel, of the arch, the methods of constructing walls of masonry bonded and cemented together, the methods of constructing and securing roofs, these and many other principles and methods of the first importance are the inventions of antiquity.

Modern building has in great measure sunk into a group of mechanical trades, having lost those fine qualities which constituted it a great handicraft and a great art, yet, in its essentials it follows in the steps and uses the inventions of the primitive builders.

It is to be remembered, however, that the modern developments of building are, generally speaking, improvements in essentials. Building, as we have seen, had its origin in the necessities of mankind, in the necessity of shelter and protection. Everything, therefore, which contributes to make building more efficient in these respects must be regarded as an improvement.

Thus, in considering the continued development and adaptability of the Celtic Style of Architecture to the requirements of modern domestic buildings, we approach it with due regard to the various conditions which govern it.

The possibilities of our own country are of the greatest. The slopes of our hillsides and valleys present considerable scope to the architect. Doubtless these present difficulties, but difficulties thoughtfully solved are usually the making of a building.

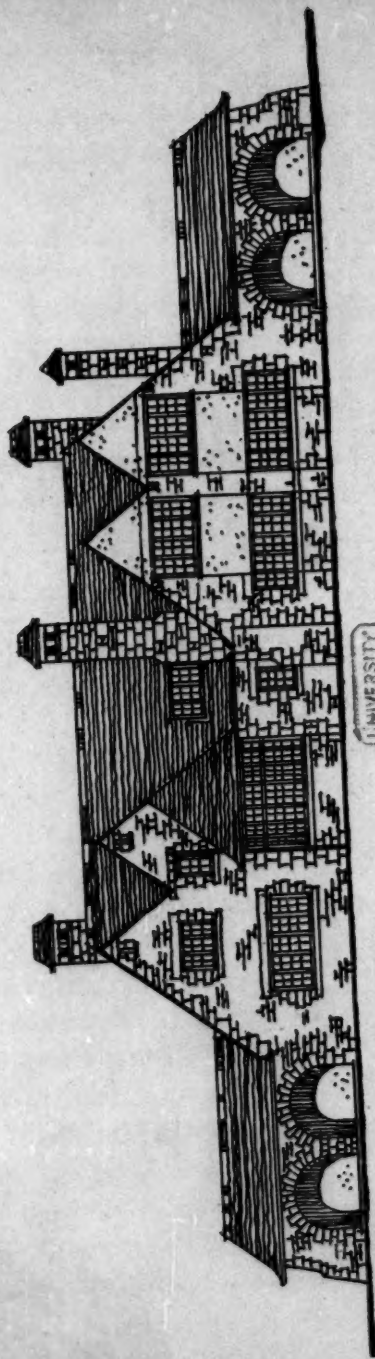
No two sites are exactly alike, and as the require-

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ments of two clients or two buildings are seldom similar, there is every opportunity for individuality of treatment.

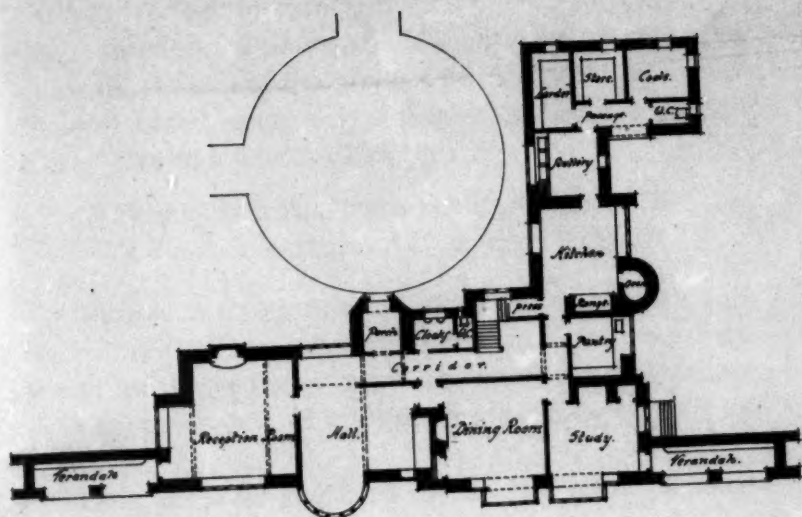
If the mind and eye are trained to notice how in this or that case, buildings may group on hillsides, or with water, or among trees, and the whole harmonises and tones with the surroundings, then mind and eye will also be quick to comprehend the grouping, arrangement and tones which will least interfere with Nature's own disposition and plan, grouping and design being worked together. Stables, outbuildings, and farmsteads may all be used in their humble way to add to the effect, instead of being scattered and outcast.

Take many of the rows of cottages scattered over Scotland, and note how charming many of them are in grouping, and yet how simple in plan and design; observe how they are made out of local materials, with perhaps one spot of decoration in the shape of a coat of arms, placed exactly at the right point to focus the building. Here may be broad shadowy eaves and a simple gate and steps and a direct quiet path up to the broad low door. Anyone might be proud to have designed them, and yet, probably no more expense was incurred, except for that one point of decoration, than if the pitch of the roof had been bad, the shadows of the eaves less, or the door and windows of a less beautiful proportion than they are. Thus, we should oftener study the design and proportion of the simplest features, and arrive at our own idea of what it is that gives them beauty. It must be there if only thought about, and once discovered, one could never again perpetrate, or hanker after



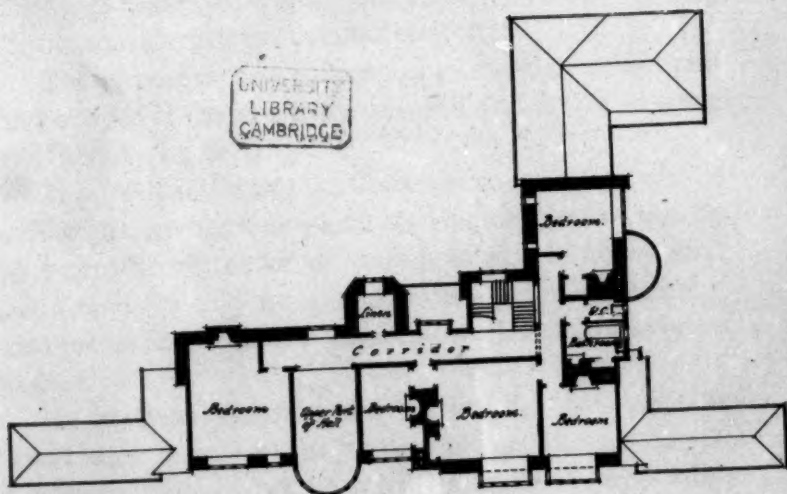
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SOUTH ELEVATION.



GROUND FLOOR PLAN.

CHAS. HILL.
Inst. of Arch.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

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Celtic Architecture

the old thoughtless monstrosities. So, working upwards through the processes of building we would arrive at ideals, which are the product of cultivated taste and thought based upon the principles of beauty, and as Keats' Ode to a Grecian Urn puts it :

" Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

With such recognition of beauty and realisation of its *raison d'être*, an inspiration and an ideal are set up which must constantly guide the mind upon whatever it is engaged, and which becomes an integral part of the style.

Thus, all over the land of the free, give us some honest walls, some honest timber beams, some honest tile, slate, brick, or thatch of the country, give us dwellings built with local character, governed by aesthetic considerations and national style.

The importance of surroundings must be recognised and obeyed if the harmony of earth and art, of country and beauty be desired.

If a fresh set of applications unknown before can be arrived at, giving a new and convincing ideal of beauty so much the better for us, only it is wise to know what has already been done, and not waste years in inventing and perfecting what has been known hundreds of years before.

In modern building our choice lies between the lintel and arch just as theirs did in ancient times. Centuries have added no third principle of supporting a wall over a space.

If we consider the Scots Baronial Style of castel-

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lated and domestic architecture (of which we have so many fine examples) we will find it is the outcome of a development of the architecture of the Celtic age.

There are many who regard the Scots Baronial as an imported style, but if imported was it not introduced from Celtic countries?

In considering the Baronial Style we see the introduction of the round tower, sometimes with a parapet, and sometimes roofed with a conical roof similar to the old round towers to be found in Scotland and Ireland. There is also the square tower with parapet, or pitched roof with apex stone, similar to what we see on so many Celtic crosses. Again, we find small turrets with conical roofs, like small round towers, corbelled out, the corbelling being similar in principle to the construction utilised in the roofs of the early buildings.

There are also the characteristic small windows, pilasters and buttresses, and shields with intertwining figures and letters, all features of Celtic work.

Thus, if the Scots Baronial Style is not the immediate outcome of the development of Celtic Architecture, it has at least Celtic feeling in it, and an appropriateness which is suited to the characteristics of Scotland.

We will now consider the development of the architectural composition of domestic buildings under Celtic traditions and conditions suited to our own country in modern times.

For this purpose we will, as before, divide it into five sections, viz., plans, walls, openings, roofs, and mouldings and ornament.

Celtic Architecture

PLANS.

The plan is the suitable disposition of spaces, and considering this in connection with domestic buildings, it will be seen how it varies according to the accommodation required, and the habits of the people for whom it may be designed.

In plans, especially within the last few years, great changes have taken place, due to the increasing demand for comfort, luxury, and labour-saving devices. This betrays the tendency of the age to change, but all these changes can be overcome as well in one style of architecture as another, so it is obvious that a style marking the national character is as well suited, and more so, than the haphazard styles of building we see at the present day.

A national architecture suited to the race, showing its traditions and character is eminently desirable for Scotland, and having reviewed the Celtic period we find this is admirably suited to further development, and being the architecture of our forefathers has a national bearing and an appropriateness, which is lacking in other styles.

The study and dissection of the plans, of their treatment as an architectural entity, and of their growth from the ground upwards, will give a mastery over the principles to be aimed at in the development of bald walls and supports, and stimulate the imaginative faculty by which internal and external effects and proportions present themselves as inseparable from the plan lines.

Sir George Sitwell says somewhere: "The house

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is to be vast and austere, where the note is one of grandeur or ruggedness ; sweet and low, where nature is in a smiling mood ; tall, in a level plain ; rich, with coupled shaft and sculptured friezes and cool colonnades if it face a quiet prospect ; great and dignified in a country of mighty trees."

Thus the architect has not only to consider the various internal and external architectural features in his planning, but also its surroundings.

Let us consider the plan in illustration—of a modern cottage in a style developed from the Celtic Style ; or as we might say in continuation of the Celtic Style.

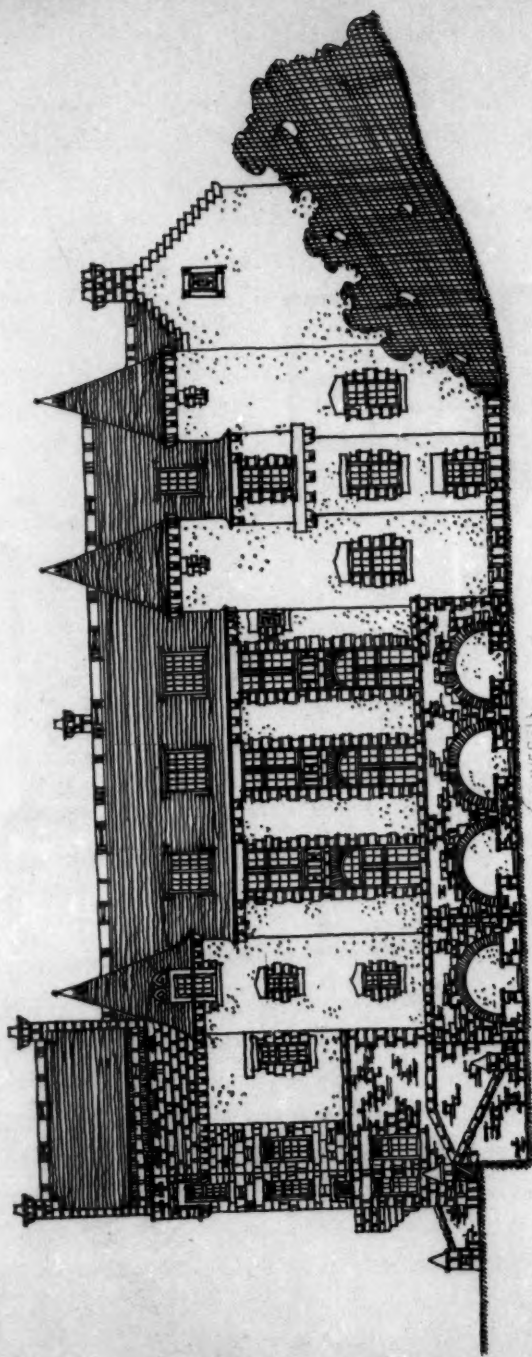
Utility is the first principle which should be observed, and this is obtained by observance of that which is useful and convenient for the daily life of the occupants.

One important fact to be borne in mind in the planning of cottages, is that the household in most cases maintains but one fire, and that one fire is in the Kitchen, and is utilised both for warming and cooking. Thus a kitchen living-room of ample proportions is desirable.

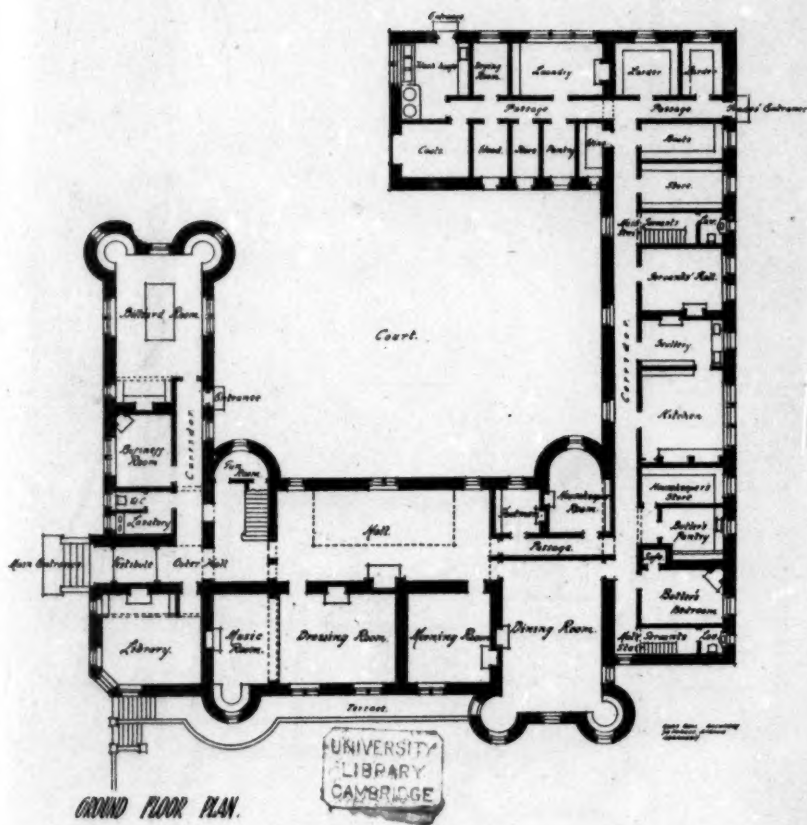
Simplicity is another principle which should govern all designs, and this can be obtained by the truthful application of local materials, without affectation, utilised in the simplest forms.

The cottage shown in my illustration is but the outcome of utility and simplicity combined, and requires no description.

When we consider the larger domestic buildings (see illustrations) the planning is more complicated, as the most suited aspects have to be considered for the



SOUTH ELEVATION.





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various rooms, yet easy access has to be obtained to all parts without unnecessarily long passages.

WALLS.

The construction of the walls is the projection upwards of the plan, and is governed by the same necessities as dictated the plan. Walls and partitions vary in thickness according to their position and structural requirements, and they should be characterised by stability and durability.

The walls do not require to be of finely dressed masonry, for rubble work with plenty of local colour, wide cement joints and dressings of a finer texture are appropriate in most localities. Or, again, the dashing or rough casting of stone walls can be excellently done, and is very effective.

Chimneys are necessities, and the climate, not the race, make them necessities of life. Chimneys, therefore, in the days of thoughtful domestic architecture were things of beauty. The shape of the chimney stack is the great thing, as is its position with regard to the mass of the dwelling. Chimneys should be ornamental by position, as well as ornamental by shape and adornment.

It is usually found that if the plan has been well thought out and is satisfactory, the superstructure will also be satisfactory, while an unskilful and thoughtless plan probably results in an unskilful and thoughtless building.

Next to that comes the materials themselves, their colour, and method of use.

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OPENINGS.

As we approach a habitation, next to the general form of the house with its chimneys, we become interested in the shapes and distribution of its windows. The windows of many houses indicate nothing but the desire for a certain amount of light. Now light can be as easily obtained through low broad windows as through higher and proportionately narrower ones. The ceiling reflects light about a room. I am suggesting in rooms that depth is of less importance than breadth, both in the scale of beautiful repose as well as that of utility. No comfort comes of a certain ostentation, and lofty rooms in small houses, unless for special purposes, are the very essence of a certain ostentation. From the exterior of the dwelling, effective proportion rarely springs from ostentation at all, unless it be an art-directed ostentation, an outcome of the necessary. Whether there are lofty rooms inside a house or low ceiled ones, let the windows at least emphasise the height and size of them.

Doorways and porches should be as well and thoughtfully designed as any other feature, and are often the making or marring of a building. Simplicity and fine proportion should be their governing characteristics.

ROOFS.

The mass and shape of a roof and its relation to other masses are of the first consideration. Next to that is perhaps its colour. Touching its slope, this feature the climate dictates to the house. A fairly high pitch is necessary in this country.

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As for the colour of roofs, this is directly determined by the material employed, such as variously-coloured slates or tiles, or it may be thatch.

Slate roofs can be made much more interesting than they usually are by a gradation of different sized slates in the same roof, and also by selecting, not uniform, but variously-tinted ones.

Just as the beauty in a brick wall should consist in the variety produced by the burning of the clay, so may slate roofs have a beauty of variety in selection. Some of the greenish-coloured slates, mixed with grey and purple ones, make an otherwise monotonous surface a charming bit of broken colour. Again, in some districts, there are the red and brown slates, which are exceedingly effective.

MOULDINGS AND ORNAMENT.

In domestic buildings very little moulded or ornamental work is required, and where it does occur should have a direct bearing on the structural as well as aesthetic requirements.

A careful study of the illustrations will give a more comprehensive grasp of the various details than a continued and long description could do. The reader is, therefore, referred to them.

In conclusion, in these brief observations, my intention has been to demonstrate in some degree that modern architecture if it is to develop a style, capable in its *tout ensemble* of expressing Scottish national dignity and characteristics and possessing in its details the interest which arises out of individuality and consistency, and if it is to be purposeful and convey

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in its features and ornaments a correct association of Scottish ideas, then clearly must that architecture be the outcome of careful study, sound aesthetic sense, and artistic sympathy.

With constant, careful, and zealous practice, I am persuaded that a modern Celtic style of architecture worthy in every way to take rank with those of the past could easily be created. To ensure this, we have but to adhere to the old principles, while duly consulting the altered conditions of modern times. Thus,

"Not in vain the distance beacons, forward,
forward, let us range!;

Let the great world spin for ever down the
ringing grooves of change."

CHARLES BELL.

(To be continued).



An East Lothian Alchemist.



HAT one of the most famous adepts known to the science of hermetic philosophy lived near Edinburgh, is by no means matter of common knowledge to its inhabitants, but Alexander Seton or Sethon was one of the very few alchemists who succeeded in the great experiment of the transmutation of metals. He took his name from the village of Seton, which is stated to have been in the vicinity of Edinburgh, and close to the seashore, so that one may reasonably conclude that the little fishing community of Port Seton is meant, although Camden in his *Britannia* states that that was the name of his house. In the year 1601 the crew of a Dutch vessel had the misfortune to be wrecked on the coast near his dwelling and Seton personally rescued several of them, lodged them in his house, and treated them with great kindness, ultimately sending them back to Holland at his own expense. In the following year he visited Holland, and renewed his acquaintance with at least one of the shipwrecked crew, James Haussen, the pilot, who lived at Arksun. Haussen, determined on repaying him for the hospitality he had received in Scotland, entertained him for some time, and to him Seton disclosed the information that he was a master of the art of alchemy, and proved his words by performing several transmutations. Haussen, full of the matter, confided it to one Venderlinden, a physician of Enkhuysen, to

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whom he showed a piece of gold which he had himself seen transmuted from lead. This Venderlinden's grandson in turn showed to the celebrated author, D. G. Morhoff, who wrote a letter concerning it to Langlet du Fresnoy, author of the *Historie de la Philosophie Hermétique*.

Seton visited Amsterdam and Rotterdam, travelled by sea to Italy, and thence through Switzerland to Germany accompanied by a professed sceptic of alchemy, one Wolfgang Dienheim, whom he convinced of the error of his views at Basle before several of its principal inhabitants. This person has described Seton, and from the pen-picture he gives of him we can discern a typical Scot of the seventeenth century. Seton, he says, was short but stout, and high-coloured, with a pointed beard, but despite his corpulence, his expression was spiritual and exalted. He was, adds Dienheim, a native of Molier, in an island of the ocean. One wonders if Molier is the German's corruption of Lothian?

Several experiments of importance were now demonstrated by Seton. In one of these the celebrated physician Zwinger himself brought the lead which was to be transmuted, from his own house. A common crucible was obtained at a goldsmith's, and ordinary sulphur was bought on the road to the house where the experiment was to take place. Seton handled none of these materials, and took no part in the operation, except to give to those who followed his directions a small packet of powder, which transformed the lead into the purest gold of exactly the same weight. Zwinger appears to have been absolutely convinced

An East Lothian Alchemist

of the genuine nature of the experiment, for he wrote an account of it to his friend, Dr. Schobinger, which appears in Konig's *Ephemerides*. Shortly after this, Seton left Basle, and changing his name went to Strasbourg, whence he travelled to Cologne, lodging with one Anton Bordemann, who was by way of being an alchemist. In this city he was sufficiently imprudent to blazon his knowledge far and wide, on one occasion producing six ounces of gold through the application of one grain of his magical powder. The circumstance seems to have made an impression on at least one of the savants of the Cathedral City, for Theobald de Hoghelande, in his *Historiae Aliquot Transmutationis Metalicae*, which was published at Cologne in 1604 alludes to it.

Seton then went to Hamburg, whence he travelled south to Munich. Here something more important than alchemy engaged his attention, for he eloped with the daughter of a citizen, whom he married. The young Elector of Saxony, Christian II., had heard of Seton's brilliant alchemical successes, and invited him to his court, but Seton, loath to leave his young wife, sent his friend, William Hamilton, probably a brother-Scot, in his stead, with a supply of the transmuting agent. In the presence of the whole court, Hamilton undertook and carried through an experiment with perfect success, and the gold then manufactured resisted every known test. This naturally only whetted the Elector's desire to see and converse with the magus, and a pressing invitation, which amounted to a command, was dispatched to Seton, who, thus rendered unable to refuse, betook himself

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to the electoral court. He was received there with every mark of honour, but it soon became evident to him that Christian II. had only invited him thither for the purpose of extracting from him the nature of his grand secret, but Seton, as an adept in the mysteries of alchemy, remained true to his high calling, and flatly refused to gratify the Elector's greed. Promises of preferment and threats were alike indifferent to him, and in the end the Elector, in a passion, ordered him to be imprisoned in a tower, where he was guarded by forty soldiers. There he was subjected to every conceivable species of torture, but all to no purpose. The rack, the fire, and the scourge, failed to extort from him the methods by which he had achieved the grand *arcanum*. Quite as exhausted as his victim, the Elector at last forbore, and left the unfortunate Scot in peace.

At this juncture a Moravian chemist, Michael Sendivogius, who happened to be in Dresden, heard of Seton's terrible experiences, and possessed sufficient influence to obtain permission to visit him. Himself a searcher after the philosopher's stone, he sympathised deeply with the adept, and proposed to him that he should attempt to effect his rescue. To this Seton agreed, and promised that if he were fortunate enough to escape, he would reward Sendivogius with his secret. The Moravian travelled back to Cracow where he resided, sold up his property, and returned to Dresden, where he lodged near Seton's place of confinement, entertaining the soldiers who guarded the alchemist, and judiciously bribing those who were directly concerned in his imprisonment. At last he judged that

An East Lothian Alchemist

the time was ripe to attempt Seton's salvation. He feasted the guards in a manner so liberal that all of them were soon in a condition of tipsy helplessness. He then hastened to the tower in which Seton was imprisoned, but found him unable to walk, through the severity of his tortures. He therefore supported him to a carriage which stood waiting, and which they gained without being observed. They halted at Seton's house to take up his wife, who had in her possession some of the all-important powder, and whipping up the horses, sped as swiftly as possible towards Cracow, which they reached in safety. When quietly settled in that city, Sendivogius reminded Seton of his promise to assist him in his alchemical projects, but was met with a stern refusal, Seton explaining to him that it was impossible for him as an adept to reveal to his rescuer the terms of such an awful mystery. The health of the alchemist was, however, shattered by the dreadful torments through which he had passed, and which he survived only for about two years—presenting the remains of his magical precipitate to his preserver. The possession of this powder only made Sendivogius more eager than ever to penetrate the mysteries of the grand *arcanum*. He married Seton's widow, perhaps with the idea that she was in possession of her late husband's occult knowledge, but if so he was doomed to disappointment, for she was absolutely ignorant of the matter. Seton had left behind him, however, a treatise entitled *The New Light of Alchymy*, which Sendivogius laid hands on and published as his own. In its pages he thought he saw a method of increasing

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the powder, but to his intense disappointment and disgust, he only succeeded in lessening it. With what remained, however, he posed as a successful projector of the grand mystery, and proceeded with much splendour from court to court in a sort of triumphal procession. In his own country of Moravia, he was imprisoned but escaped. His powder, however, was rapidly diminishing, but he still continued his experiments. Borel in his work on French Antiquities mentions that he saw a crown piece which had been partially dipped into a mixture of the powder dissolved in spirits of wine, and that the part steeped in the elixir was of gold, was porous, and was not soldered, or otherwise tampered with. The powder done, Sendivogius degenerated into a mere charlatan, pretending that he could manufacture gold, and receiving large sums on the strength of being able to do so. He survived until the year 1646, when he died at Parma at the age of 84. Seton's *New Light of Alchymy* would appear, from an examination of it, to deny that the philosopher's stone was to be achieved by the successful transmutation of metals. It says :—

“ The extraction of the soul out of gold or silver, by what vulgar way of alchymy soever, is but a mere fancy. On the contrary, he which, in a philosophical way, can, without any fraud and colourable deceit, make it that it shall really tinge the basest metal, whether with gain or without gain, with the colour of gold or silver (abiding all requisite tryals whatever), hath the gates of Nature opened to him for the enquiring into further and higher secrets, and with the blessing of God to obtain them.”

LEWIS SPENCE.

"Britain."



o doubt the controversy touching the use of this word "Britain," and the cognate terms, has already accumulated to itself a considerable minor literature. The greatest part of that output is a contribution from Scottish sources. It is really the Scots who have forced this question on the attention of the inhabitants of these islands. They resent the use of the word "England" where, they maintain, "Britain" is the proper appellation; and, to some extent at least, they have at last succeeded in convincing the English people that their view of the matter is the correct one. It may be proper, therefore, at this stage of the controversy to enquire a little more narrowly than has apparently yet been done into the history and circumstances of this word "Britain"; and, in conclusion of that head, briefly to glance at a few of the probable consequences of its general adoption.

In controversies of this kind it is always desirable, in the first instance, carefully to examine the foundations on which the wordy superstructure rests. Such questions are very apt to engender popular heats; and amid the dense steam of disputation so generated, it has happened before now that the object itself has vanished, or been allowed to fade, from the vision of the disputants. The reader will doubtless remember

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that amusing canto in *The Hunting of the Snark*, wherein the humour turns on a pig that was accused of deserting its sty. After a lengthy and a somewhat stormy trial, the accused was found guilty of the crime that was charged upon him, whereupon,

"The jury all groaned,
And some of them fainted away."

It was, however, at this distressing conjuncture of affairs that the jailor appeared on the scene, who, with tears in his eyes, apologised to judge and jury for having previously neglected to inform them that the pig had been dead for some years. Many a popular controversy may be likened unto this surprising affair of the pig; whilst not a few there are which differ from it only in so far as the pig itself has proved to be a negligible factor in the case. It has not deserted its sty, or predeceased its sentence, because it has never existed. In the light afforded by this necessary caution, we may now proceed to examine the word "Britain."

This appellation, like many another, discovers to us two ways of approaching it, with a view to its particular consideration. In the first place, there is the purely scientific aspect of the word; and, in the second, there is the conventional. I do not propose here to say more about the first than is strictly necessary to the proper understanding of my remarks in regard to the second, which is a canny restriction on my part, partly dictated by exigencies of space, and partly forced on me by reason of the fact that I am not scholastically qualified to pose as an authority on

" Britain."

questions of Celtic ethnology and etymology. I observe that the best Celtic scholars are not yet agreed as to any particular head of much importance. Few and trifling, indeed, are the heads on which they are agreed ; and no mere layman who has any regard for the skin of his literary reputation will, in any event, unnecessarily expose himself to the celts and arrow-heads of the militant scholars. For the following particulars I am largely indebted to Dr. T. Rice Holmes's *Ancient Britain*, a most interesting compilation, and the work of an author who is at once a safe guide, and a man of learning—two usually irreconcilable qualifications which he has happily prevailed on to combine in his own person.

The word Περραιβοί (*Britanni*) is stated to be the Brythonic or Gaulish equivalent of a Goidelic word *Qrtanoi*, from whence is said to be derived *Britannia*, the putative progenitor of *Britain*. The change from *Qrtanoi* to *Britanni* is accounted for by the fact that the original Gaulish sound *qu* was finally lost in *p*. Pytheas, who made his celebrated voyage about the time of Alexander the Great (B.C. 356-323), was informed (doubtless through interpreters) that the island at which he touched was called the *Pretanic Island*. "The word *Pretanic*," says my authority, "implied the existence of an earlier word *Qrtanic* ; and supposing that Pytheas, as some believe, heard *Pretanic* only in Gaul, it might be argued that *Qrtanic* was still the British pronunciation. If so, none of the tribes who had changed *qu* into *p*, from whose dialect Welsh, Cornish, and Breton descended, and who are commonly called Brythons, had yet invaded

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Britain. But if, as seems much more probable, Pytheas derived his information from Britons, the Brythons were already predominant, at all events in those parts of Britain in which he conversed with them. Indeed . . . it is morally certain that Brythonic tribes had been settled here at least half a century before he came."

Let us now see what light the Welsh language (a Brythonic form of speech) can throw on the question of the etymology of this word *Britain*. Since the middle ages, Britain has been called in Welsh *Ynys Prydein*. *Prydein* is the Welsh equivalent of *Cruthne*, the Irish and the Scottish name for the eponymous of the Picts. *Ynys Prydein* must, therefore, mean (loosely translated) the "Island of the Picts." *Prydein*, with its cognate forms, *Prydain*, *Prydyn*, and *Pryden*, represent an old Welsh word *Priten*; and accordingly the Brythonic or Gaulish name of the Picts, when it reached the ears of the Greeks, would have been written by them *Περραιός*. It must be borne in mind (says Professor Rice Holmes) that *Cruthni*, *Prydain*, and *Priten* did not appear in literature until long after Caesar's time, but the etymology which connects *Περραιός* and *Περραι(ν)ικός* (*νῆσος*),—the name by which Ptolemy and other Greek writers call the British Isles—with *Priten* is accepted by Celtic scholars who, on the question of the ethnology of the Picts differ widely among themselves. It is unnecessary here to enter into the ethnological questions raised by these names. They bristle with difficulties as plentifully as a porcupine's hide does with quills. We will do well, therefore, to avoid the shoals and shallows that diversify the

“Britain.”

quicksands of Celtic ethnology, and to confine ourselves to the simple statement recorded by Pytheas.

The voyage of Pytheas is our earliest source of first-hand information relating to these islands. The statements of Polybius and Dion Cassius are of the vaguest character. The little information they give was evidently acquired in an indirect manner, and was further impaired by contact with the flotsam and jetsam of contemporary exaggeration and hyperbole. Pytheas, however, is our first certain scientific informant. As an explorer, he was the forerunner of Columbus, but unfortunately the work—“On the Ocean”—on which he based the diary of his voyage has perished. “All that we know of it,” says Professor Rice Holmes, “is contained in a few fragments, quoted with more or less accuracy by the astronomer Geminus, who was contemporary with Caesar; by Strabo, Diodorus Siculus, Pliny, and other writers.” Pytheas, however, probably taking ship from Massilia (Marseilles), adventured the voyage to these islands, steering his vessel in the first instance to a part of the coast near Belerium (Land’s End), where he got into communication with the natives. It was perhaps from these that he learned that the island on whose southern shores he had landed was called the Pretanic Island. At a first glance this would certainly appear to be a supposition more fit to be entertained than that Pytheas acquired in Gaul his information on the head which we are here considering. On making a strange coast, among the very first questions which any explorer would put to those he encountered there would surely be one asking the name of the country to

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which he was come ; and in any formal narrative of his voyage this information would certainly be set down at the very beginning of his literary labours. Moreover, if Pytheas learned in Gaul (as some contend) that the island he visited was called the Pretanic Island, it would appear that this information was not corrected by what was subsequently told him in the island itself.

On the whole, then, the natural supposition would seem to be that Pytheas recorded his information in the form in which it was imparted to him by the natives of Balerium. On the other hand, candour obliges us to acknowledge that it is possible that, as the late M. d'Arbois de Jubainville contended, the explorer got the information on which he subsequently acted previous to his setting out from Gaul. It may be plausibly argued that no explorer of parts, and imbued with what is called the "scientific spirit"—and such an one was Pytheas, we have the best reasons for believing—would have set out on a voyage of discovery without first having determined the object of his travels, and having acquired some information touching the land to which he designed to sail. That Pytheas intended to make the circumnavigation of Britain seems to be clear. It is possible, on that account, that the scheme was a cherished plan of his for some time before he acquired the means necessary to enable him to carry it out, in the which case it may well be that in stating that the island which he visited was called as he has named to us, our explorer was repeating information which he had obtained previous to his departure from Gaul. The point we are presently

considering is undoubtedly an important one ; but I am afraid that since we possess no means to determine it, the plain statement of Pytheas must meantime be allowed to stand. According, then, to our earliest information, the island visited by that explorer was called the Pretanic Island, but how or whence our informant derived his information no man can positively say.

Now, how warmly and profoundly soever modern Celtic scholars may differ among themselves as to the ethnology of the Picts,* the best of them are agreed that, to quote Professor Rice Holmes, the “ habitat of the Pictish people was once more extensive ” than it finally became in consequence of later racial inroads. “ Irish literature (says Professor Rhys) alludes to Picts here and there in Ireland . . . in such a way as to favour the belief that they were survivals of a race holding possession at one time of the whole country,” i.e. of Ireland. That the Picts once inhabited the *whole* of Britain—a thing which, as far as we know, no other people has ever done—is proved, not only in the opinion of Professors Zimmer and Rhys, but also in that of the late M. d’Arbois de Jubainville, the most eminent of the French Celtic scholars. The late Mr. Nicholson (author of *Keltic Researches*) also strongly supported the same theory, carrying it indeed so high as to affirm that this people once possessed extensive territories on the continent of Europe. Mr. Nicholson’s statements cannot, of course, be compared, in a

* The question which Celtic scholarship has so far failed to solve is, whether the Picts and their language belonged to the Brythonic (Kymric) or the Goidelic (Gaelic) branch of the great Celtic family.

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point of authority, with those of the other scholars I have named, but, nevertheless, an agreement of opinion such as I have glanced at above is surely something remarkable and uncommonly impressive, the more so as on many other vital points these scholars differ warmly and profoundly among themselves; and on no subject are they more divided than on that of the ethnology of the people whom they agree in considering as the one-time possessors of the whole of these islands.

As to what the Picts themselves styled the island which foreigners from Greece and Italy called Britain—that question presents a problem in regard to which the best opinion will continue to differ so long as the “Pictish Question” remains in the state of flux and uncertainty in which it presently resides, and seems destined to endure. But very few words of the Pictish language have descended to us through the ages; and Celtic scholars of the first learning are not yet agreed as to whether these belong to the Goidelic branch, or should be assigned to the Brythonic province, of Celtic speech. Professor Rhys holds that the Picts—whom he thinks to have been Goidelic Celts, in contradistinction to M. d’Arbois de Jubainville who believed that they were Brythons—called the island which they owned by “some such a Goidelic name as *Inis Chruithni*, the Island of the Picts”; but it is to be observed that here is but conjecture on that professor’s part, and though no doubt an arrow from a bow drawn at a venture has before now been known to find a billet, yet certain eminent Celtic scholars are not disposed to regard this particular effort otherwise

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than as flying wide of the mark. It is possible that among the Picts the island called Britain by outsiders had more than one name, of which Cruithne (the eponymous of that mysterious and illusive people) may have formed an element in a unit of a group. There is a Pictish district of Scotland which, until comparatively recent times, was known as Angus (Gaelic *Aonghas*) ; for under the Celtic system of government, as opposed to what obtained under the feudal, the custom was for localities to be named after the more prominent individuals connected with them, instead of families of light and leading taking their names from the lands on which they lived. Thus, ancient Ireland had several names of the personal kind, one or two of which, curiously enough, have found their way into Scotland, the Gaelic forms of the place-names " Atholl " and " Banff " constituting two of these interesting survivals. Albion, or rather *Albann*, was at one time the name for the whole of Britain, Shakespeare's reference to the " nook-shotten isle of Albion " in *Henry V.* showing that this appellation was in literary, if not vulgar, use in his day. Festus Avienus, a writer of the fourth century, refers to Ireland as the " Sacred Isle," and to the land which the Romans styled *Britannia* as the " Island of the Albiones." Probably the earliest recorded instance of the name " Britain " in Gaelic literature occurs in the Books of Lenister and Ballymote, which are remnants of the great Book of Invasions (*Leabhar Gabhala*). These fragments were re-written by the Irish scholar, O'Clery, in 1630, and they relate how the race of Parthorlan was succeeded by the Nemedians,

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and how these latter were superceded by the Formorians. When the race of Nemed was expelled from Ireland, this people withdrew in three separate bands, journeying one to the north of Europe, another to the south thereof, and a third to the island now called Britain, which was named, according to the narrative, after *Briton Mael*, the leader of the third band. The source here indicated is non-Brythonic, but I am unable to say how far the incidents with which the narrative deals are worthy of the serious consideration of the scholar, or if, indeed, they are at all susceptible of separation from the purely legendary and fictitious elements in which such efforts usually abound.* It would seem but reasonable to assume, moreover, that amid the multiplicity of tribes and peoples by which from the age of Pytheas down to the period of the Roman occupation, this island was successively in part colonised, names for it in divers idioms arose, flourished for a space, languished, and finally died out without leaving any traces of their existence behind them. More than two hundred years after the age of Pytheas, we are told that, when Caesar was contemplating his first invasion of this island, he sent for traders from all parts of north-eastern Gaul, and narrowly questioned them regarding the country he proposed to visit. But, strange as it may seem, he could learn very little from these sources touching the complexion of the island he designed to invade. *Neque* (he says) *his ipsis quicquam praeter oram maritimam atque eas regiones quae sunt contra Gallias notum*

* For these latter particulars, I am indebted to the Rev. Neil Ross, of Edinburgh.

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est. The Gaulish traders knew nothing about Britain, save the coast and the part opposite the various regions of Gaul. About those parts of the country with which, as traders, they were constantly in touch, the Gaulish merchants doubtless could, and did, afford Caesar some information; but the important point to note is, that their knowledge was confined to the southern coast, and became speechless immediately the question of the interior complexion of the island was raised. It will, doubtless, be remembered, too, that when Caesar effected his first invasion, he made every endeavour, by interrogating the natives, to supplement his slender stock of knowledge regarding the country he had invaded. The people of the coast, however, as those inhabiting the fringes thereof, could tell him nothing definite about the inhabitants of the interior. The tribal system obtained; the means of communication were slender and precarious; and the whole face of the country was covered with swamps, marshes, and dense forests. Such, then, being the complexion of the interior of the country in Caesar's time, it seems but just to conclude that when Pytheas fetched his famous voyage, it was characterised to an even greater degree by those natural features which conspired to render the means of communication, and, consequently, the facilities for the propagation of knowledge as to the political state of the country, passing slender and uncommonly precarious. The *Chronicles of Stephen* inform us that as late as the reign of David I. "Scotland, which is also called Albany, is a district closed in by marshes, and abounding in fertile woods." At the remote period, therefore, of Pytheas's

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undertaking, inter-tribal communication, whether in the country now called England, or in that presently styled Scotland, could not well have been less difficult and hazardous, and was probably a great deal more so, than it was when the Roman legionaries first set foot on the shores of this island. The information recorded by Pytheas, namely, that the island was called the Pretanic Island, is doubtless to be received with the greatest respect, the more so as it coincides with what the best Celtic scholarship has contributed to the common knowledge as to that head ; but what particular changes and vicissitudes, in respect of race and nomenclature, the island underwent between the age of the Greek explorer and that of Julius Caesar we have, unfortunately, no means at present of determining. It is much to be regretted that, owing to the early ravages and depredations committed by the Scandinavians, and the yet more barbarous and uncivilised English, the native annals and records of Ireland and Scotland have almost entirely perished, leaving us by consequence, almost wholly dependent on conjecture, or the vague, contradictory, fragmentary, and, in many cases, wholly fictitious statements of Greek and Latin travellers for material wherewith to essay to re-construct the early political state of these islands. So far, then, from " opening up the country," in the sense of discovering and making known the character of its interior complexion, Caesar's expedition was a failure. He could gather nothing of the least moment as a solvent of the problem with which he was faced, and which he appears to have been uncommonly desirous to undo ; but his visit,

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brief and immediately fruitless though it was from almost every point of view, was soon followed by one important result, inasmuch as it conspired greatly to increase the vogue and use of the word *Britania* or *Brittannia*, not only at the seat of the Roman government itself, but throughout the whole of the then civilised world.*

In the fate attending the early nomenclature attaching to these islands, we may surely discern a prognostic of that which was to befall the political institutions of its Celtic inhabitants; and it is surely not less singular than, from one point of view, it may be thought to be agreeable to the vicissitudes of its political history, that the island in which we live should be named from a foreign, instead of from a native, source. The early rendering of the Pictish name for this island was in course of time carried to Greece, and from thence was communicated to the whole of the classic world. The invasions of the Belgians, Britons, and other later Brythonic incomers aggravated the confusion that had already arisen, and by obscuring the racial origins of the country, favoured that easy transfer by virtue of which, owing to a chance similarity of names, the Britons were ultimately credited with a conquest which they had never achieved, and to possessions the full extent of which they could offer no claim to, through the channel of settlement. The Brythons, indeed, inhabited the greater part of the country now called England, as well as certain districts of Scotland, at the time of the first Roman invasion; but we have no evidence to

* Cf. *inter alia* Cicero's letters.

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prove that they were ever in possession of the whole island.* Under these circumstances, so encouraging to the propagation of an error such as we are here considering, it is easy to understand how a foreign misapprehension, or misconception, so far prevailed over native invention and usage as gradually to bring about the complete ascendancy of a foreign nomenclature. The error, once it had taken root in classic soil, grew and flourished apace. The long Roman occupation served to confirm its usage, and to extend its vogue. The ecclesiastical writers of those times embraced it, apparently without questioning its origin ; and as the churchmen were the sole depositories of politeness and learning before the revival of letters after the Crusades, their example was contagious in proportion to the influence which they exercised. The writings of the Venerable Bede abound in references to " Britain," as do indeed those of all the earlier chroniclers, whether native or foreign, who used the Latin language, and were, by reason of their employments, more or less subject to foreign influence, and exposed to the suggestions of non-native custom.

* The Brythons displaced the Picts in many localities, and it was perhaps owing to the confusion generated by their inroads that Caesar could obtain so little information regarding the inhabitants of the interior. The Belgians, who were a Brythonic tribe, though some Celtic scholars hold that there were Goidelic elements among them, and who occupied the south coast, were probably not represented among the Brythonic tribes that displaced the Picts in many parts of the island. M. d'Arbois de Jubainville maintained that between the time of Pytheas and the first invasion of Julius Caesar, " Britain " was conquered by *Brittones* ; but in this opinion he is not supported by other Celtic scholars, not less learned and penetrating with himself.

The rise and consolidation, however, of the rival kingdoms of England and Scotland at once conspired to put a long period to the use of that nomenclature which many modern Scots seem desirous to revive. It is true that in the Latin documents dealing with the English claims, as in many of those relating to the events that took place in this country in consequence of the death of the Maid of Norway, and the disputed succession to the throne, the word " Britain " and the cognate terms were liberally employed by the scribes ; but apart altogether from the academical, if not artificial, character of these belated appearances, the political circumstances under which they transpired were as ill calculated to recommend them to general adoption, as their being couched in a dead language was like to increase their vogue. The fact is, indeed, that with the rise of the kingdoms of Scotland and England, and the consequent growth of the national spirit in both countries, the unifying or incorporating character and tendencies of the foreign nomenclature which we are here discussing was clearly seen, and was no sooner recognised than it was found to be opposed to popular sentiment, and considered as inconsistent with universal custom. It was, accordingly, everywhere laid aside, as no longer reconcilable with a proper regard to political facts, or desirable or necessary under circumstances so greatly changed from those which had obtained at times when its employment might have been in part, if not wholly and absolutely, justified by a reference to the political state of the island. Accordingly, from the final overthrow of the English claims to the feudal superiority of

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Scotland down to the accession of James VI. to the English throne, we hear little of that "British" nomenclature which is now so much in vogue with many modern Scotsmen. Political fact, as national spirit, on both sides of the Border were opposed to it; and it is not a little significant of the genius of the political tendencies associated with its usage that its revival should have synchronised with the union of the crowns in the person of King James.

It is to the "Wisest Fool in Christendom" that we are indebted—if, indeed, obligation, which it is incumbent on us to acknowledge, there be—for the revival of a style of nomenclature that had long been out of fashion. When James VI. ascended the English throne, he cast about for some name which should affirm that union which his second elevation had effected; and as his learning was, as his education had been, extremely pedagogueish, it is not to be wondered at that the appellation which he chose for his two kingdoms should have been "Great Britain." The selection of the epithet "Great" by a prince so pusillanimous and so far removed from all strength and magnanimity of mind as James, may well appear to some to be a stroke quite in keeping with his slender parts and feeble character; but lest this king should be further lowered in the opinion of those who already entertain a low conception as to his conduct and qualities, I hasten to add that whether the "British Solomon" was aware of it or not, there was precedence for his choice.* But the vogue thus replanted by royal hands was of sickly, uncertain, and exceeding slow growth. The

* See Palgrave's *Documents and Proofs*, p. 105.

Scots were frankly suspicious of the revived nomenclature, regarding it as grotesque, misleading, inconvenient, wanting in conformity to racial fact, and opposed to ancient custom; whilst the English, on their part, did not take at all kindly to it. The old proper national terms of "Scotland," "England," etc., which had done duty for so many hundreds of years, obstinately maintained their venerable ascendent in spite of royal disapprobation and regal lecturings; and any inconvenience arising from their employment in those cases wherein a suitable common denomination would undoubtedly have been preferable, was considered by the Scots and the English of that age as more supportable than the risk to the preservation of their respective national individualities involved by the adoption of a common appellation. This general feeling of hostility to the "British" cult endured throughout the seventeenth century, notwithstanding the utmost efforts on the part of the official world to disarm the prejudices, or to undermine the patriotism of the multitudes which, on both sides the Border, strongly objected to it. And the little heed which popular opinion in Scotland and England had, up to the period of the legislative Union of 1707, paid to the example, as to the admonitions, of officialdom on this head, may easily be measured by the storm of ridicule and resentment that broke forth immediately those articles of the Act of Union relating to the radical change proposed to be made in respect of the then existing national nomenclatures were communicated to the whole body of the Scottish people. "Why should we take the appellation of the 'conquered

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Welsh' "? said the Scots. "Scots we are, as were our ancestors before us, and Scots we will remain," they cried; and the excited and angry multitudes that mobbed the chairs of the "Treaters" as they passed out of the Parliament House called down, in one and the same breath, "Perdition on the Union, its undertakers, and the 'Britons' ". But though the sentiments of those sturdy nationalists cannot be regarded otherwise than as respectable, yet was their information in one respect, at fault. It was the Picts—not the Britons—who once had possessed the whole of the island. It was the former great people—not the woad-stained supers of the historical pantomimes—which imposed their name (or one of their names) on the country subsequently styled *Britania* by the Romans; and the etymology, as the history, which associate this word "Britain" with the "Ancient Britons" are, consequently, as erroneous nowadays as they were false at the period which gave birth to so plausible, but spurious, a connection.


R. ERSKINE.

(To be continued).



The Chinese Pirates.

(The following tale, which I have translated from the Gaelic of Iain Mac Cormaic, an able Glasgow writer, may be regarded as a fairly typical specimen of those fire-side narratives which were, and still are, largely indulged by the peasantry of the Gaelic-speaking parts of Scotland. So much that is false and absurd has been written touching Celtic popular literature that the affording a little light as to its real complexion will hardly be considered as inopportune, and may possibly be welcomed, at this conjuncture. The following tale will be found to offer a striking contrast to the mawkish and misty twaddle, uttered in the name of Celtic letters, by the so-called "Anglo-Celtic School," the works of whose principal exponent—the late Mr. William Sharp, "Fiona MacLeod,"—were not long ago re-issued from the press with a great flourish of Publishers' trumpets.—Ed. *The Scottish Review*.)

T is now more than sixty years since I heard the story of the Chinese Pirates—the best tale that ever I heard with my two ears. It is not only that the story is good and pleasing to hear, but the manner in which I got it was noteworthy.

It happened that when I was a young man I was once on a journey in the Island of Mull. In those

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days, steam-boats were by no means numerous, and for that reason the "wind-jammer" had a much greater vogue than it enjoys at the present time. Out of Oban in Lorne, I got my passage in one of these—a Tíree boat—but I could not get farther on my journey than Salen, in Mull. For that reason, I had near forty miles of moor and mountain to put behind me with my feet before I would reach my travel's end in the lower part of the district of Ross.

It was the end of autumn when I set out, and the day was crouching fine. It was twilight also, and the bonny day we had enjoyed coming through the Straits of Mull, with a spanking breeze of south-west wind at our stern, was darkening well, when the dingey put me on land at the grey rocks of Salen.

I set out on my journey without delay, without hesitation—thinking that I would reach the rough-bounds before ever a black spot would come on the evening. If I had been better acquainted with that part of the country than I was, I had not thought of attempting it. But, however, off I set, and what happened was that it began to grow dark before I had set foot on the short green sward about the Cnoc. I was hoping to make out Màm* Chlachaig that night, and when I reached the junction of the roads at the Cnoc,† I turned to my left past the western head of Loch Bà, and then I took the bridle-path.

Although it was late in the day, and in the year also, and in addition to that, I a stranger in the land, yet the prospect all about me pleased me so much that I think that the most eloquent and imaginative poet

* A round steep hill.

† A little hill or hillock.

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that ever lived would find the well-spring of his words insufficient to do justice to it. There was Loch Bà stretched out before me, motionless, like a child in his sleep—the big lofty mountains all around enbosoming it, and looking proudly down upon its still, clear, peaceful, face. Furthest away from me, was the bare-topped Màm of Gruilinn, with its robes of skirting wood and heather, and the brown deer descending from the corries to get their evening drink at the loch side. On my right hand were the primeval mountains of Mull, stretching their naked, scored, weather-beaten necks upwards towards the blue vault of the heavens; and majestic Beinn Mhòr at their backs, overtopping them all, and telling how the whole universe shook the day she and her company issued from the womb of the earth. Little wonder that those who have been born and bred amidst such surroundings should be gifted with lively imaginations. Little wonder, too, though they should imagine tales without foundation, without basis, as, with thinking on those things, I myself did yon night—once I had passed within the mighty portals of the door of the home of all those wondrous natural mysteries.

But, however, onwards I journeyed, until I descried a narrow glint of light issuing from a wee bit window in front of me. Approaching, I saw before me a small black cottage standing on a level of green sward that formed part of one of the spurs of the mountain. I went up to learn my whereabouts. A fine healthy-looking, handsome, old man answered my knock. He saluted me, and bade me welcome, as was the custom of the Gael in those days; and there was nothing for

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it but to enter the house along with him. On my telling him whither I was bound, he said, "The Màm is not easy to reach the night. Thou art welcome, honest lad, to spend the long autumn night with us."

I looked in the direction of the Màm, and I glanced at the skies; and I decided to take the advice of my friend. I made myself at home in a minute; and that was the house of abundance of good cheer, of milk, and of kindness. There was a pretty young lass there preparing the supper, and she said, "I doubt, father, if the little pot will serve our turn to-night."

"It won't! it won't! *a rùin*,"* cried the old man. "Peradventure they are already descending the Màm, or are coming down the Cnoc—some of those who will eat a portion of the potatoes."

And as the old man prophesied, so it fell out. It was not long before that honourable house was full of travellers. Then was it, indeed, a house-by-the-wayside—that hospitable dwelling-place of the shepherd of Clachaig; and, to all appearances, a right joyous company it was.

After the supper, pipes were drawn out and filled, and puffing, here and there, began, so that in a very little while you could not see the roof-beam of the house for the smoke. Story passed from mouth to mouth, and it was then that I heard the tale of tales that caused my flesh to creep.

There was a middle-aged man there amongst the company who was on his way to Glen Cannir to the sheep smearing, and when he found himself comfortably stretched, facing the fire, on the coverlet of the bed,

* An expression of endearment equivalent to "My love."

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the tales flowed from his lips as naturally and as rapidly as water flows in the burn. There was not a place in which Duncan would be that he would not be esteemed first man in the company, on account of his skill in telling a tale.

"Give us 'The Pirates!' 'The Pirates!' 'The Pirates!'" shouted every mother's son of us that night in the house of the shepherd of Clachaig; and we had not long to wait until Duncan, good-naturedly, assented to our wish.

"Though I am to-day a shepherd," he said, "and although my place is now the smearing-bench, yet, at one time of my life I was in the forecastle of the biggest ship that in those days sailed from Clyde. She was a Spanish ship, originally, and her name was *El Dorado*. Now, I have something rather strange to tell about that same ship, and that is, that it is scarce two winters since she went to pieces on the rocks of Ross, and, wishful to see the last of her, I walked with my feet all the way from Ulva to look at the wreck. But, however, there is nothing of that but the thing itself; and I was about to tell you that I was but sixteen years old when I sailed in that vessel from Clyde to China. Dutchmen and Danes composed the most of her crew, and there were no Scots aboard but myself, and two others—a Tíree man, and a Skye lad. I was the cook's boy that voyage out, and it was just as well for me that I was, for that it was that saved my life for me—the day that was furthest out, as you will all see in due time. We had bad weather the greatest part of the voyage. *Leoire fein!** We

* An exclamation expressive of superabundance.

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had scarcely sailed past Creag-Ealasaid when the Skyeman fell from the lower yard of the main mast. And, in rounding the Cape of Good Hope, we lost our rudder, but, fortunately, the weather was then favourable, and we ran for port. After putting things ship-shape a bit, and setting sail again, there arose such a tremendous storm in the Indian Ocean as would have made you believe that the very world was being raised to the skies ; and we lost our fore-mast. We were running with it at the time, and *mise !* * if it did not go by the bows just as cleanly and swiftly and neatly as the rush is floored by the gale. There was not left a single stitch of sail to our masts. In the twinkling of an eye, every vestige up aloft was swept away to the skies, just as though there was nothing in our canvas but the web of the spider. But, however, when the storm went down and there came a calm, there we were tossing helplessly about on the ridge of the seas, just like a gull whose wing is broken. And there we remained, at the mercy of the waves, until, fortunately, assistance bore down on us, and we got a towing to Mauritius. At Mauritius we spent six long big weeks before we could get our sails repaired, and our spars, and our rigging generally put in working order again, and then once more *El Dorado* put to sea. We experienced a storm or two before we made the Chinese coast, but, in spite of that, we had no cause to complain. Once we had made the coast of China, we got nothing in the shape of bad weather, but days and days of dead flat calm. Now, a greater misfortune than that could not have befallen us."

* An exclamation of astonishment.

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Here we all looked at one another in the face. We gave vent to our surprise, but when Duncan had settled himself more comfortably on the bed in which he was lying, he gave us to understand that there were greater dangers by far happening to mariners on the Chinese coast than tides and streams which draw vessels in the direction of perilous rocks and shoals.

"Yon coast (he continued), is terribly indented by the sea; rough points and promontories there are, which run out far into the channels, and deep dark bays held in the grip of their recesses. Many of those bays were the homes of pirates, who, by day and by night, went scouring the seas in search of plunder, and even in broad day light, when they would see a ship safely becalmed, down they would swoop on her like the falcon on the lark. Perhaps as many as forty of their junks would issue at a time from their retreats and shelters under the cliffs. The ship would be surrounded; and there would not be a man of them whose hands and feet and teeth would not be fast in something to help him to get on board. On both sides, the fight would be fiercely fought; but the greater numbers of the pirates more often than not put the victory into the boarders' hands."

"Well! well! what a wild place is China!" cried the wife of the shepherd of Clachaig.

This caused Duncan to raise himself on his elbow, so as to put his whole heart and his eyes into the telling of the tale, seeing how bonnily it was agreeing with all of us.

"One night that was there (he continued), and not a breath in the air, nor movement on the water,

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there lay *El Dorado*, as completely becalmed as though she were standing in the middle of a park. Some of us were in our bunks at the time, and others pacing the deck, and keeping a sharp look-out on each side of us, and behind us, and before us. One or two of the ship's company had been burnt with hot kail before that; and the stories they told of their adventures would cause the flesh of a giant to creep. But, imagine how quickly and stealthily these Chinese cut-throats are wont to go about their bloody business when I tell you that one half-dozen of them were in over our bows before ever we knew where we were. Then arose the fierce and desperate fighting. The pirates kept swarming on board from every side, until at last there was enough of them there to swallow up the crew of *El Dorado*. We could do little to resist them, and in much less time than it takes to tell, the ship and her whole company were fast in their net.

"I never heard what became of the vessel and those that remained of her crew after the fighting was over; but when I opened my eyes I found myself lying in a cave with six big cut-throats sleeping around me, and a man cooking food at a large fire that burned on the floor of the cave. Neither did I know what way they had gone in taking me to the cave; but, although they had made me prisoner, at all events they spared my life."

On hearing this, we all stirred on our seats, and prepared ourselves to listen with yet greater attention and interest to what Duncan was about to tell us.

"I could not understand a word of their language (he continued), but there was one or two of them that

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spoke a little broken English—about as much as I myself could—and these were they into whose charge I was put. I was always pretending to be well pleased with my situation, but there was not a day that my side would rise, nor a night that my head would repose, that I would not be casting about for some means to make my escape. There was no way of doing this but by boat. I expect that they put me to every possible trial they could think of to see if I would try to get away, provided the opportunity was mine; and also to see if I was dangerous. Once a gun was placed in my hands. But I was as long in the head as they were. First of all they obliged me to fire at a mark, but before the gun would go off, I would turn away my head and shut my eyes, pretending that I feared the piece would burst; and, then, when the gun was discharged, I would throw the weapon away with a loud cry of alarm. This tickled the pirates hugely, and they would make knots of themselves with the laughing. The next thing they did was to try to find out what sort of a hand I was with the sailing. I was placed on a seat 'twixt the thwarts, and an oar put into the back of my fist. But, judging by appearances, I was no better sailor than I was a gunner. Sometimes I would draw in the oar so far that no part of it at all remained in the water, and then I would make my stroke, and down I would go on my back to the floor of the boat with my heels in the air. This amused the robbers vastly, and they would split their hearts with the laughter. On other occasions I would put out the oar so far accross the thwarts that even a giant could not have made a stroke with it.

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At long last, the pirates were satisfied that I was of no use whatever on sea or on shore. The leave of my feet, without regard at all to my wings, was what they imagined they might safely allow me."

Here we all highly praised Duncan's resource and cunning; and, one and all, we went on tip-toe to listen to the rest of the misfortunes that befell him, each in his own mind meanwhile trying to think out some means by which poor Duncan might be quit of the evil company in which his lot was now cast.

"There was not a day (he continued) that I would not be splashing about amongst the boats, pretending to do my best at the sailing and the rowing. But although they were persuaded that I could not escape, yet always were they keeping the tail of their eye on me. I desired nothing better at the time, because 'the little bannock was not yet baked.' When I would be afloat by myself I would do everything as clumsily and as unknowingly as it could be done, so that they might see how great a blockhead I was. Sometimes I would haul the sail on the weather-side of the boat and the sheet along with it. At others, I would put the sail and the ear on the same side, and make fast the sheet to the mast, and do other foolish things like that."

Although we were mostly strangers to one another, yet Duncan's recital of his adventures and his tricks caused so much merriment and interchange of opinion amongst us as would have made you believe that we had been intimate friends all our lives.

"Now (continued Duncan) all these various tricks of mine left the Chinese cut-throats so much persuaded

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that I could not make my escape, that it was not very long before an opportunity of doing so arose. You will easily understand that it was usually during the night that these rascals and black murderers—yes, 'black' indeed, though yellow was their skin—would be at their plundering and reiving; and when they would be out stealing and murdering, or at home in the cave resting and sleeping, I would be cooking, for that is the way in which I was useful to them. Now, there was no proper time for making my escape, save when they would be sleeping at noon-tide. One day that was there—and the heavy sleep of the Fenians themselves on them—it seemed to me that the long-wished-for opportunity was come. The wind was favourable, not a hostile sail was to be seen, and 'the stable-door was open.' The pirates had two fair boats, besides their junks. One of these was a broad-beamed, knob-prowed, tub of a Chinaman, with the boom of its mast coming right down to the gunwale, and about as speedy as a lobster. The other was a long, narrow, eight-oared skiff which they had lifted from some passing ship at some time or other; but I chose the one with the sail. There was not one of the rascals that was not asleep as soundly as a seal on a rock. The wind was from the right quarter, the tide was suitable, and everything seemed favourable to my escape. I put up some food and drink. There were seven very good muskets in the cave, and when I had loaded them all, I tied them together, just as though they were a bundle of reeds. The nearer I approached to the time to make the attempt, the greater was the palsy of fear that laid hold on my

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flesh. If they should wake before I could get clear of the cave, or before I would reach the boat, sudden indeed had been the end of my song. I would have given the whole world to be safe in that boat. I raised my bundle—and that was the burden of the Son of Leisgear, as they express it—what with the guns, and the powder and lead, and my basket of food. Speeding down to the shore, my knees bent under me, now and then I would cast a look behind me, praying that I was at yon rock, or at yon other rock, and when I would reach that rock, I would give another look behind me, and so great fear on me that I scarce could draw my breath. The nearer I got to the boat, the greater was my agitation and fear. I reached that end of the rope, attached to the boat, which was lying in a crevice of the rock, and I cast it off with my feet. A dozen more steps! O! would they never come to an end! At last I reached the boat. I put my bundle to the ground. I threw a glance behind me. Thanks to fortune, there was no one astir! I threw my belongings on board as quickly as my two hands could do it. I hauled in the anchor; and I was afloat. At the same time I looked again in the direction of the cave, and seeing no stir whatever at its mouth, it was then that I drew the long satisfied sigh of relief from the utmost extremities of my being."

At these words there was not one of us that was not shifting himself on his seat, and holding his breath with impatience to learn how it fared with Duncan in the day of his anxiety and distress.

"I put her head to ocean, and I was quit of those rascals (continued Duncan, smartly smiting his two

The Chinese Pirates

big palms together). The boat snored comfortably, encouragingly, as she pushed her way through the water—a fine spanking breeze on her beam, and the sail well bellied with the wind. There was a big promontory in front of me, and when I had put it behind me, I was leaving land rapidly, but before I could hope to reach a place of safety I saw that it would be necessary for me to keep close to windward. But, provided the breeze would hold, it was little I would care about that—even though the pursuit itself should be after me. When I was about half-way across the bay, I gave a look behind me, and what did I see but my friends the pirates running headlong to the shore. They understood well enough now that I had taken the twist out of them from the very first day we met. They knew that if I succeeded in escaping from their net, it was red death to every mother's son of them, and O! how short had been my own tale in the land of the living had they got but one good grip of me!

“Seven broad backs were placed against the sides of the white eight-oared skiff, and never before, I believe, was that boat run out from the shore to the sea in so short a space of time. Four oars on each side were placed between the thole pins, and a brace of savages at each of the hindmost sweepers; and I could see in the distance the white foam sparkling under her prow as she spurned the water from her bows. At that moment it was more of fear that was on me than anything else, but I knew that if the breeze would only hold, not so much as a feather would they get of me.

“However it was better to be ‘out’ than ‘in’

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touching the like of yon heartless savages with their blood ever on the boil to slaughter their defenceless and innocent fellow-creatures. I put, then—as I have told you—the promontory behind me, but instead of sailing closer to the wind, I gave a foot or two of canvas to the boat, in order that she might draw more water, the pursuit now being in full cry. Just at that moment, however, as bad luck would have it, the breeze began to drop, and my boat to lose way. It was just then, too, that I saw the eight-oared skiff rounding the point, and the rascals rowing as hard as they were able, so that their boat was now rapidly overhauling me. Fainter and fainter grew the breeze, and nearer and nearer approached the white skiff and her blood-thirsty crew.

“When they had got within three hundred yards of me, and a dead calm now all round about us, they ceased rowing, and rested on their oars, thinking, no doubt, that I was safely hung up in their net. Now, no man who has not experienced it, can understand what it is to be gazing at death in the face, and death it was that was in store for me, once I was got in their grip. I gave a look behind me, and I shot a glance at the guns. I had no wish to hurt a single creature of the seed of Adam; but every man is friendly to his own life; and when in a flash the vision of my home rose to my eyes—my father mending the nets, my dear kindly mother going about her household duties in the wee white cot at the foot of the hills, and my little brothers and sisters playing innocently about the door—the blood of the Gael warmed within me, and, seizing one of the guns, I fired at the pirates. The shot

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went through the bow of the white skiff, wounding in the foot one of the men who were sitting at the foremost oars. I heard the shriek he gave when he was struck, and down he fell, in a heap, to the floor of the boat. They all then ducked their heads ; and, to give them to understand that they were still in danger, I fired again, and this time my bullet trepaned the skull of the helmsman. I immediately re-loaded the two guns, as I did not know but what the sport might fail at any moment. Now and again a man would raise his head, and as often as they did that I discharged my piece, just to let them understand that I was ready for them. Now, when they saw that I had fired seven shots, the six that were unwounded sat at the oars again, and they rowed towards me with all the strength of their arms, thinking, no doubt, that there was no more danger to themselves ; but, firing three shots at them, one after the other, I caused them to lie down again a good deal quicker than they had risen ; and before they could get another look at me, I had re-charged my muskets, and was awaiting their coming. After a while one of them would pop up his head to see what was going on ; but when I raised the gun he would disappear out of sight as rapidly as a rabbit does down the mouth of its burrow.

“ At long last there came a small cap-full of wind which set my sail a-flapping, and, a look that I gave sternwards at that very moment, what did I see over my right shoulder but a big ship under the full spread of her canvas. This encouraged me greatly, and my heart rose as high as though a storm of wind had suddenly descended from the heavens to drive my

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boat from the pirates' grasp. In a second I had hauled down the sail and run up my jacket to the mast-head as a signal to the ship, which saw me at once, and bore down towards me. The Chinese also saw what was going forward. They understood what was like to happen much better than I did, and, anticipating the probable end of the fray, they went to the rowing again. But I was just as ready as they were, and, raising my piece, I fired and wounded another of them.

"When the ship was about a mile from us, those of the pirates that were unwounded stood up in the boat, and, motioning with their hands, they gave me to understand they were desirous to return the way they had come, but I also rose and gesticulated; and, pointing with my finger to the vessel which was bearing down on us, I shook my head. *Ochoin!* it was I myself that time that was monarch of all I surveyed."

When we heard this, we all clapped our hands and laughed uproariously.

"What was this ship that was bearing down on us (continued Duncan) but an English frigate, which had been scouring the seas and searching the coasts a long while back for these very men. As soon as the frigate hove to, the villians were seized, and, securely ironed, they got their passage to the first sea-port.

"Before the day fixed for the trial arrived, however, they betrayed and gave up their fellow-pirates, amongst whom were not a few men of note who were doing a brisk trade out of the traffic in stolen goods. No less than forty of the rascals were found guilty by the

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law of the land, and every one of them was hanged at the end of the yard-arm of the English frigate. As for myself, though I made no small profit out of the business, receiving two hundred pounds English for capturing the pirates, yet, after that, I made but one or two more deep sea voyages. Instead, I returned home and settled comfortably in my own country, and here I am, hale and hearty, after all the troubles and adventures I have gone through."

"Well! well! assuredly yon's as stirring a tale as we have ever heard!" we shouted unanimously. Then we sifted the story from first to last, especially those parts of it that appealed more particularly to us, and canvassed and re-canvassed it amongst ourselves, until we, one and all, clean forgot how rapidly the night was speeding past.

"Go and look, *a rùin*, where the Seven Stars are," said the Shepherd of Clachaig, addressing his daughter.

"They are above Beinn Tealladha," she replied.

"O, men and jewels! it is after two in the morning!" cried the good-man of the house.

The fire was nearly out, but it was soon revived with a few handfuls of wood, and it was not long before the "tinder of the birk, and the brushwood of the alder" was making such a blaze as drove us out at the door.

After a supper of warm milk and good oat-cake, we retired to rest, and early in the morning of the morrow's morn we went our ways—each man travelling his own road, and from that time to this, though great is the span, neither they nor I have come across one another again.



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